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ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT COWES, MONDAY, AUGUST 6.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Hospital* tells us that it has become the custom among wealthy Americans to wear diamonds in their front teeth. Gold it has been long necessary for many of us to wear there, but not as an ornament; nor has it been considered, save in the most extreme cases, as "portable property." In the days of King John the teeth of gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion were discovered by that monarch to be marketable, but only as ransom. The insertion of diamonds will give a genuine value to our ivories. We shall know—to a certain extent, at all events—what a man is worth by looking at him: his lips may deceive one, but not his teeth. A flash of his eye, once thought so highly of by the fair sex, will have to take a back seat; while the gleam of his teeth will eclipse that of Mr. Carker's. In proposals of marriage, when material matters are not lost sight of, a smile will be a revelation—for a broad one may disclose a fortune. Some faces look best in repose, but give me (will say the fair one of the future) the man who laughs and has good reasons for laughing. The lady herself may wear (like the toad) these precious jewels in her head, and show thereby, without having to allude to the delicate question of dowry, that she is well-to-do.

Have you seen an heiress
In her jewels mounted,
That she and her wealth seemed one,
And she could be counted?

asks the poet; and this new fashion will assist in the assessment. That she will attract the adventurer is only too likely, as was the case with Miss Kilmansegg and her golden leg; but if the worst comes to the worst, she need not, like that unhappy bride, be murdered: her husband would probably content himself with knocking her precious teeth out.

It is to be feared that this luxurious fashion will develop a new branch of crime. We know, from the pages of fiction, how young ladies with fine heads of hair have been seized by monsters in human form and deprived of their tresses; these wretches will now arm themselves with pincers instead of scissors, and become dentists instead of hair-cutters. One can fancy a very dramatic story being written on this basis. A villain of this description is at the head of his profession; he does his fiendish work with skill and almost painlessly; his manners are excellent; his ways are as gentle as his wrist is strong. Still, he takes young ladies' teeth out and appropriates their diamonds. To one of them he imprudently remarks, "Kindly lean back in the chair." She recognises the phrase and the voice. To whom do they belong? Why, to her own particular dentist in Mayfair! The wretched man leads a double life. Under ordinary circumstances he pursues his profession legitimately, but during his holidays he keeps his hand in, as well as defrays his travelling expenses by these undesirable operations. The trial might be made a *cause célèbre*. His beauty, his gentleness, the insinuating manner in which he asked her to sit back in the chair, all plead for him; she has not the heart to prosecute him, but she can, she thinks, become his wife. He has a considerable fortune—mostly in diamonds—and they are married. This is one of the stories, I venture to think, that has not yet been told.

Mr. Justice Chitty has laid down the law that "if a person knowingly contributes to noise, so as to magnify the noise to a degree which constitutes a nuisance, he is responsible for the result as a whole, although his contribution, had it stood alone, would not have amounted to a nuisance." This is good news to those who are asked to "a little music in the evening" and get more than they bargained for. A friend of mine who was having a treat of the highest order from a performer on the violin, replied to his hostess, who expressed a hope that he was enjoying it, "Well, I don't mind so long as the man plays low, and I can think my own thoughts." He did not want to interrupt the harmony of the evening by conversation, but, on the other hand, he stipulated for a reasonable independence. He could not stand a storm of melody such as some musicians delight to make (chiefly on the piano), and which some people (I suppose) like to hear. What the judge seems very wisely to have decided is that, though a solo may be tolerable, a duet may pass the limits of human endurance, and that to join in a chorus is, in fact, to aid and abet a riot. O wise and upright judge! Except to the comparatively few fanatics who are "devoted to music," this is good news indeed. In future, a "concerted piece" will be somewhat similar in the eye of the law to a conspiracy, and when the noise is unreasonable (so as, for instance, to interfere with private conversation) any guest at a musical evening will be justified in calling in the police.

It is curious that the three-volume novel, now in so sad a state and threatened at least with amputation, was hailed with joy upon its first appearance on account of its brevity. Previous to its appearance the romances which had delighted what, no doubt, was called "the world of readers," though it was a very small world, had been of most portentous length. "The Great Cyrus," though in ten volumes,

passed through six editions; but think what a business it must have been to have got the volumes in their proper rotation from the circulating library! It may be urged by the pedantic that circulating libraries did not then exist, but we may be sure "The Great Cyrus," however extolled in the reviews, was not bought by everybody, and must, therefore, have been borrowed. The style, says Disraeli the elder, who seems to have got through more unreadable books than any human being, was "rather languid and diffuse," but he at the same time reminds us that this was the literary pabulum, as regards fiction, which kept Rousseau up all night till warned by the chirping of the swallows. We find it difficult now to imagine how folks could stand the tediousness of "Clarissa" (indeed, even in the abbreviated form in which she was presented to us a few years ago, they could not stand her), but no contemporary seems to have attacked the book on account of its extent. "I remember," says Diderot, "with what delight it came into my hands. I was in the country. How deliciously I was affected! At every moment I saw my happiness abridged by a page!" What a reproof is here to the admirers of snippets! Notwithstanding which, perhaps from the production of a larger crop of books which required more time for reading, even Richardson got to be pronounced too long. The public, indeed, have behaved in the matter to the novelists much as Lear's daughters behaved to their father—they have gone on cutting down his suite. "Ten volumes! nay!" say they; "why five? and (now) why three?" Never more shall the sunset in the plains of Languedoc fall on those horsemen so dear to us in our boyhood. No more shall "the elder of the two travellers" propose schemes of prudence to which the hot blood of the younger is opposed. There will be now no room for wooings and winnings. Time and space will both be annihilated, but not, to judge by the unhappy endings of most one-volume novels, to make two lovers happy.

I was once in company with some eminent persons of a dramatic turn of mind, among whom the question arose: "What was the most remarkable event that has ever happened to you?" and each man unbosomed himself—or professed to do so—of a certainly very remarkable personal experience. There was nothing that rendered these narratives "unfit for publication," but it was understood that the occasion was one of a private nature, and though at least three of us were story-tellers by profession, no confidence in regard to them has, so far as I know, ever been violated. The impression, however, they made upon my mind was very deep, and I no longer wondered that such great humorists as Dickens and Thackeray (one of whom was present) should in the face of such incidents entertain those melodramatic views of human life where-with those familiar with them were well acquainted, and which belong perhaps to the "reverse of the shield" of the true humorist. Some of the narratives were indeed terrible enough, and certainly lost nothing in the telling. I read in some newspaper the other day of a personal experience far more ghastly than any of them, but which was very deficient in this last particular. Indeed, it was so excessively ill-handled that instead of raising the hair of the reader, which it was well calculated to do, it came very near raising a smile. Indeed, as no sort of comment has been made upon the matter, perhaps it is generally considered to be a joke; though I hope no such joke will ever be played on me. This is the paragraph: "Horrible Discovery: A lady while bathing in the sea at Porthcawl on Sunday morning observed a dead body being washed towards her by the incoming tide. It was headless and armless, and was that of a man who had apparently been in comfortable circumstances." I do not know where Porthcawl is, but it ought to be in Ireland, for surely never was conclusion arrived at from such slender premises. It far surpasses the record of the Scotch jury which decided in an investigation upon some gentleman's suicide that as the deceased had twopence-halfpenny in his pocket, want of means could not have been the cause of his rash act.

One hopes the reporting of unusual events will be better done in the Greenland newspapers, which, it seems, have a much more permanent character than our own—

These journals come but once a year;
But when they come they bring good cheer,

and are printed on thickish cardboard, so as to stand a good deal of handling. There are three newspapers, but the title of one will perhaps be sufficient: *Atnagagdlintit natlinginginarmit lusaruminasassumik*. It must be strange to hear the newsboys calling it through the long Boreal day. The translation, it seems, is "Something to read; interesting news of every kind"; but it is sad to think how even in the vicinity of the North Pole a title will differ from the contents. It is often but a *réchauffé* of missionary matters compiled after the arrival of the one annual steamer in the Behring Straits. Still, to rather an indolent man of literary tastes the editorship of one of these journals must be an attractive occupation. He need not be in that state of worry and hurry, too often inseparable from the profession, nor in the least apprehensive of his news being anticipated; and he need not turn night into

day, since for many months nature is so considerate as to do this for him. It is sometimes indignantly asked in provincial towns: "Why have we no evening paper?" The Esquimaux do not harass themselves about this matter. We often find it difficult to know where to spend our evenings; in Greenland there are no evenings to spend.

Professor Elmer Gates has made the discovery that bad feeling and wickedness create harmful chemical products in the body, while goodness and benevolence create products which are healthful. This is rather unpleasant reading for a chronic invalid. There is no doubt about it, he says, because it can be detected in the—well, let us say the dew on the brow and elsewhere. The only chance of escape from suspicion is for evildoers not to perspire. Great grief, it is well known, will poison a mother's milk, but this is nothing to the effect of evil emotions on the human economy. "Of all the chemical products of emotions, that of guilt is the worst." If a small quantity of—well, the dew of the brow of a person suffering from feeling of this kind be placed in a glass bowl and exposed to contact with selenic acid, it will turn pink. "None of the other poisons similarly generated exhibit the same phenomenon; pink would, therefore, appear to be the characteristic colour of wrongdoing." This is very much what one would expect from our experience (in others, of course) of the blush of shame; but it has been hitherto unknown that every time one turns pink from emotion there is a life-depressing change in one's tissues. There is a famous story of a medical student before a board of examiners to whom the question was put again and again of how he would produce perspiration in a patient. He proposed all sorts of things, to which one importunate examiner always replied, "Well, and if that would not do?" At last the poor young man, driven to his wits' end, exclaimed, "I would send him before this Board to be examined, and I warrant that would make him perspire." Perhaps, if Professor Gates's views are adopted, something of this kind will have to be done to prisoners who cannot be made to furnish this proof of their own guilt, but it will certainly revolutionise the system of our courts of justice. The cross-examination of a witness, for example, the effect of which is always to bring the dew to his brow, will no longer be permitted. "My Lord," he will say, "I decline to submit myself to this ordeal, as it may bring me into danger." He might be found guilty, though he was only a witness, and pinker, perhaps, than the prisoner himself.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has been giving an account of how he wrote that delightful story "Treasure Island." "A few reminiscences of Poe, Defoe, and Washington Irving, a copy of Johnson's 'Buccaneers,' the name of 'The Dead Man's Chest' from Kingsley's 'At Last,' some recollections of canoeing on the high seas, and the map" (prefixed to the story), is the modest account of his materials. He has omitted for obvious reasons to mention his principal assistant in the matter, Genius; but his confession in other respects is doubtless accurate and trustworthy. A mass of material may be essential to the historian, but the true novelist only requires a fact; or the hint of one, provided that it strikes his fancy. Investigation, even for the purpose of accuracy, is disagreeable to him. The map appears to have been Mr. Stevenson's chief trouble, but he admits it to have been of the greatest service. "The author must know his country side, whether real or imaginary, like his hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behaviour of the moon should all be beyond cavil. And how troublesome the moon is!" Our author got into some difficulty with the moon in "Prince Otto," since which he never writes without an almanack. Think of that! I have heard of novelists who never write without a dictionary, but the almanack is new to me; perhaps a gazetteer and a terrestrial globe are requisite for the outfit of the complete storyteller. Seriously the idea of the map is excellent, even if it is not used in the book itself; it revives recollection if the scene is real, and gives actuality to what is imaginary. Imagination may be assisted by means that are almost mechanical. For my own part, I have always found the advantage of drawing a skeleton of one's story beforehand, to be filled in as occasion suggests, while the initials of the real characters from whom the *dramatis personæ* are taken are placed beside them. The resemblance may be of the slightest kind, and, indeed, should never be recognisable, but this arrangement gives a solidity to the image as it appears to the author's eye similar to that conferred by the spectroscope, and prevents him wandering too far afield. It is curious how even our most graphic writers fail in representing their landscapes—unless, of course, there is some peculiarity of rock or ruin about them—to the eye of the reader. They may be as accurate as photographs, and yet he makes a picture of them in his mind which is altogether different from that which has been presented to him. I do not remember to have recognised a single ordinary scene even in the novels of Walter Scott, when I actually came to look at it. This would be an argument in favour of illustrated editions, except that our artists are often inclined to give their imaginations too much play.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

It was at three in the afternoon on Monday, Aug. 6, that the steam-yacht *Hohenzollern*, conveying the Emperor William II. to visit our Queen, and to join in the Royal Yacht Squadron races, arrived at Cowes. In passing Osborne House, she saluted by dipping her flag, and a responsive flag was hoisted on the tower of that mansion. Her Majesty and two or three Princesses were on the terrace looking out for the *Hohenzollern*. A royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the German war-ship *Stosch*, lying at anchor off Cowes; it was repeated by the guns of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, the guard-ship, and by the battery of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Victor Christian, in military uniforms, went on board the *Hohenzollern* to welcome the Emperor. They returned to Trinity Wharf, and awaited his Majesty on board the Queen's yacht *Alberta*, which lay alongside. The Emperor came from the *Hohenzollern* to the *Alberta* in a rowing-boat, followed by a steam-launch with his suite and luggage. He wore the uniform of a Colonel of the English Royal Dragoons. A guard of the King's Royal Rifles was drawn up on the wharf. Coming ashore, his Majesty entered a carriage drawn by four greys, driving to Osborne House.

A WEDDING AT LAMBETH PALACE.

The marriage of the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, a widow since 1889, to Lord Egerton of Tatton, a widower, took place on Wednesday, Aug. 8, in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace; the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the service. Her Grace, who is the eldest daughter of Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., of Stobo, formerly M.P. for Peebles-shire, married the late Duke of Buckingham in 1885, but he died four years afterwards, and the Dukedom became extinct. The Right Hon. Wilbraham Egerton, second Baron Egerton of Tatton, was born in 1832, son of the first peer; in 1857 he married a daughter of the second Earl Amherst, but she has died leaving no children. His Lordship until very recently was chairman of the Manchester Ship Canal Company.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The opposing "Red" and "Blue" fleets, each comprising two divisions, operating from different stations around Ireland—namely, the "Red," A and B, under Vice-Admiral R. O'B. Fitzroy and Rear-Admiral A. T. Dale; the "Blue," C and D, under Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour and Rear-Admiral E. C. Drummond, came to a general engagement on Sunday, Aug. 5, in the narrow part of the Irish Sea, between the Mull of Galloway and the coast of Down, near the entrance to Belfast Lough. These four squadrons had started from their respective stations, Falmouth and Berehaven, Queenstown, and the Shannon, at nine o'clock in the evening of Friday, Aug. 3. The great naval battle was fought on Sunday in morning church-time or thereabout, from ten o'clock to nearly half-past twelve. More than twenty first-class ironclads, some five-and-twenty cruisers, and as many gun-boats were at it with great guns, apparently to determine whether Admiral Dale, with the B squadron of the Red fleet, should get into the harbour of Belfast. The victory has been claimed by both sides, and the arbitrators—Admirals Hunt Grubbe, Erskine, and another—have decided in favour of the "Blue" fleet.

UP THE THAMES.

The banks of the river above Kew and Richmond are pleasant in summer to many Londoners weary of town in the month of July. It is an inviting region that one looks down upon from Richmond Hill. Early in the last century the fashionable lyric muse began to sing the delights of "Twitnam's bowers," as the name was then used—to which name Pope, Thomson, and other poets have given an almost classical stamp. Visitors, in our own days, to Pope's villa garden, still find it has many interesting associations. There is also Marble Hill, the residence of his friend, Mrs. Howard, Lady Suffolk; and the former inhabitants of Kneller Hall, Strawberry Hill, Orleans House, and York House were persons to be still remembered. Twickenham has thus some claims to be regarded as a minor English Tusculum; but the holiday rambler, on foot or in a carriage, will prefer to go on from Teddington, through Bushey Park, along the noble avenue of chestnut-trees, to Hampton Court Palace. On the way he may think of King William III., killed by a fall there from his stumbling horse. The palace which Cardinal Wolsey had to surrender to Henry VIII., and which was the abode, in

turn, of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., Cromwell, and the later Stuarts, but more especially of the Dutch King, is highly characteristic of the seventeenth century, with the exception of the more ancient Great Hall and the Gothic gateways of some of the courts. Leaving Hampton Court, one may stroll by fair riverside meadows and villages, beyond Sunbury, to Shepperton and Uxbridge, and to the western boundary of Middlesex; the scenery becomes more rural in that direction.

TRAVELLING FROM SIBERIA TO CHINA.

The principal route of overland travel and traffic in Northern Asia, between the Russian and the Chinese Empires, is from Kiakhta, the frontier town of Siberia, to the south of Lake Baikal, by Maimachin and Ourga, in Chinese Tartary, and thence across the Gobi Desert, to Kalgan, and over the Great Wall of China to Peking. This route has been described and illustrated by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, author of that well-known book "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," the contents of which originally appeared in our Journal. He began his long journey from the Russian frontier in a camel-cart, which he was afterwards glad to exchange, when he had crossed the desert, for a mule-litter, accompanying the heavy portion of the mail on its road to the Chinese capital. The light mail was dispatched by a Mongol rider with a spare horse, never resting for many days. Those couriers traverse immense distances without repose, not once taking off their clothes and seldom lying down. As for the accommodation to be found by travellers of civilised habits in this remote region of Asia, Mr. Price seems to consider a Chinese inn rather worse than a Mongol hut or tent. His sketch of the inn courtyard does not, of course, give any idea of

the Admiralty in this class of vessel that seven others of a similar type are to be commenced during the current financial year, though two of them will not be started till just at the end of that period. The dimensions of these vessels are as follows: Length, 390 ft.; breadth, 75 ft.; mean draught, 27½ ft.; and displacement, 14,900 tons. It is hoped to obtain a speed of 16½ knots under natural draught, and a speed of 17½ knots with a one-inch air-pressure in the stokeholds. In all probability this speed will be exceeded at the contractor's trial, but even if it is not, it will be sufficient for a ship of this type. The armament will be especially heavy. Four 12-in. breech-loading guns will be mounted in pairs in strongly armoured barbettes, and there will also be a battery of twelve, and in the latter ships fourteen, 6-in. quick-firing guns. The other battery will, in addition, carry sixteen 12-pounder quick-firing guns and twelve 3-pounders of the same pattern. The quick-firing guns are, without doubt, the most effective and deadly weapons which have yet been invented; and so readily are they loaded and fired that they practically tend to a waste of ammunition. The purpose for which they will be chiefly used will be for protection against torpedo attack, each 6-in. gun being easily able to be laid and fired at the rate of two or even three shots a minute—a terrible gauntlet for any torpedo-boat to run. The ships will also be provided with five torpedo-tubes, four of them submerged. The guns in the barbettes will be loaded and trained either by hydraulics or manual power, and a peculiar improvement in this direction will be effected by allowing them to be loaded in any position.

The cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible* may also best be generally described by the adjectives given by their two names. They will be the largest and most powerful cruisers in the whole world in every respect. Their

dimensions are as follows: Length, 500 ft.; breadth, 71 ft.; mean draught, 27 ft.; and displacement, 14,200 tons. They are expected to attain a speed of twenty-two knots under natural draught, and a knot more with a pressure in the stokehold. The most important peculiarity about them is that they are to be fitted with the wonderful water-tube boilers, which have caused so much sensation in the marine engineering world during the past year or so, and it will not be surprising if their steam trials show highly sensational results. The ships of this class will be cruisers in the most perfect sense of the term. The bottom is wood, sheathed and coppered, so as to allow the ship to remain a considerable time at sea without being docked; a coal capacity of 3000



Photo by J. Thomson.

Photo by F. Baum.

A WEDDING AT LAMBETH PALACE.

its most objectionable feature, which is, he says, "the smell pervading the place, from a conglomeration of sewage, garlic, decomposed food, and general human uncleanness all mixed together. The room I occupied here was a fair specimen of the interior of such inns, with tissue-paper windows, and a 'Kang,' or raised platform, on which was the table; this room also served as a sleeping place. In winter it is heated by a fire in a stove underneath it. The food in these inns is fit for those whose stomachs are equal to Chinese cooking, and cheap at the price. I tried one meal, but the experiment made me very ill for several days afterwards."

OUR NEW WAR-SHIPS.

The new war-vessels now being built for our Navy shown on another page may safely be described as examples of the very latest development of naval construction in all its branches. There is no place in the world where the advances of science and mechanical knowledge can be more closely followed than on board a modern fighting ship. There may be seen the latest adaptation of electricity and hydraulics to what has hitherto been manual work; the latest triumph in construction of engines and boilers; and the most effective and perfect weapons which the world can produce for the destruction of human life. It is no exaggeration to say that the battle-ship and cruiser of to-day are a greater improvement on ships of that class of fifteen years ago than the latter were on their wooden predecessors. Thanks to the large sum of money placed at the disposal of the Admiralty during the last few years, naval science and construction has been able to make most extraordinary advances; in fact, to such an extent that a ship is hardly in commission for the first time before she may be what is now termed "obsolete." As an example may be pointed out the *Halcyon* class of torpedo gun-boat.

The new battle-ships *Majestic* and *Magnificent* are aptly named. When completed they will be the largest and most powerful battle-ships in the British Navy, and indeed, after the *Italia* and *Lepanto* of the Italian navy, the largest in the world. The *Majestic* was commenced at Portsmouth last November, and the *Magnificent* the following month at Chatham. So great is the belief of

tons will be provided; the engines and boilers and other vital parts will be protected by a strong curved steel deck; the armament, consisting of two 9·2-in. guns, twelve 6-in. quick-firers, eighteen 12-pounder quick-firers, and many machine guns, will be so mounted as to be able to direct their fire right ahead or astern, for chasing or running. It will be seen that these ships have a very high freeboard, which gives much steadiness in a seaway.

The next important type of vessel now under construction is the *Talbot* class of second-class cruisers. They are a distinct improvement in many ways on the second-class cruisers built under the Naval Defence Act. Three of them were commenced last year, and six more are ordered in this year's programme to be built by private contract. Their chief characteristic is an armoured deck, bending far down on each side so as to present a curved target to the enemy's fire, and also serve as an effectual protection to the engines. Their dimensions are as follows—displacement, 5500 tons; length, 350 ft.; breadth, 53 ft. Their engines and boilers are constructed to develop 9000-horse power, and 19·5 knots, and perhaps a little more. The armament consists of five 6-in. and six 4·7-in. quick-firing guns, besides several machine guns. They will also each be fitted with three torpedo-tubes, two of them submerged.

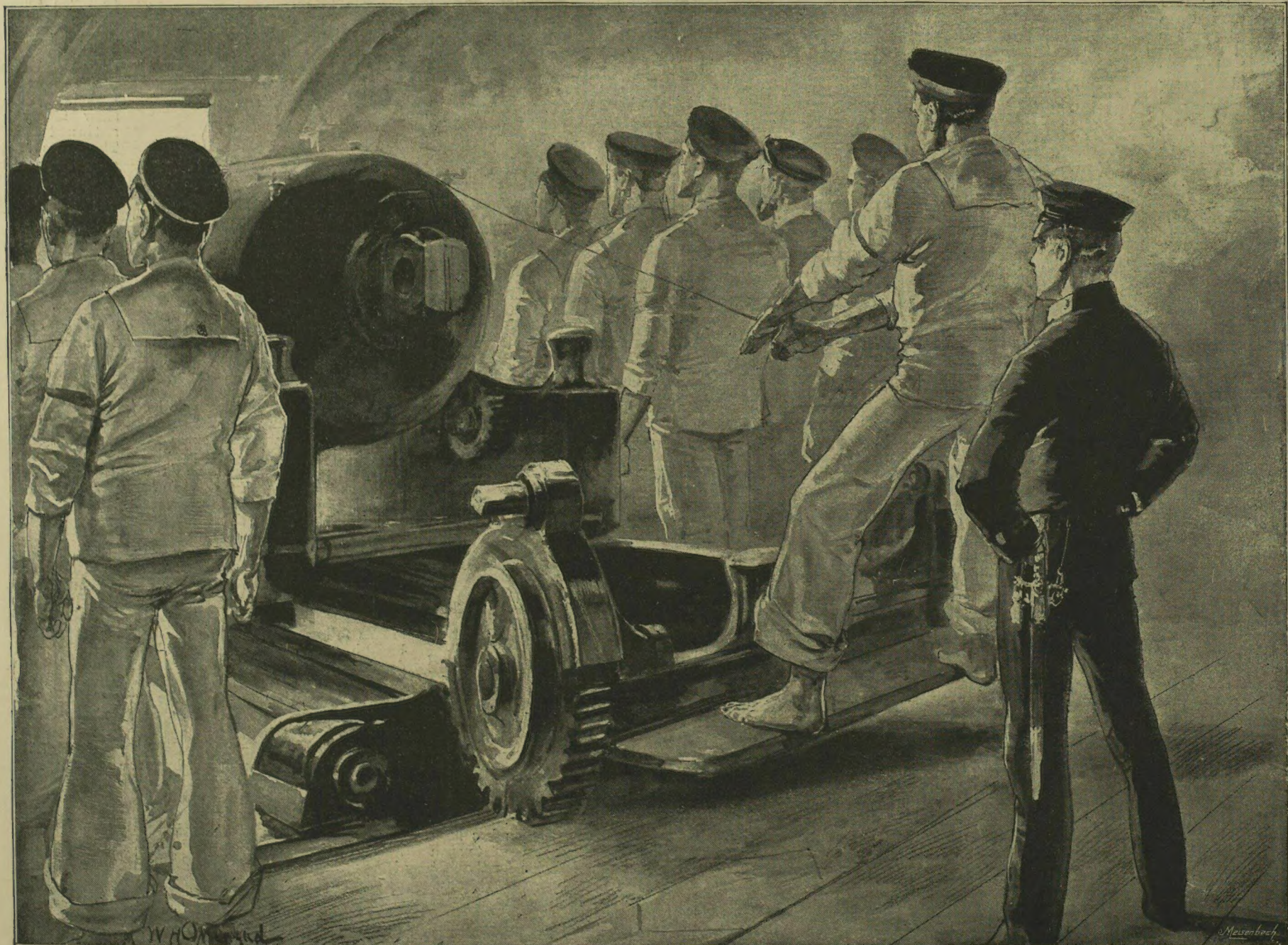
As has already been stated, the *Halcyon* type of torpedo gun-boats are now outstripped by the new torpedo-boat destroyers. This class of vessel has gradually increased in size since 1888, when the *Sharpshooter*, the first of the kind, was launched, but since none of them can go more than twenty knots at the fastest, their utility is not obvious.

The smallest, but not by any means the least important, of the vessels now building and being completed for our navy are the new first-class torpedo-boats. Ten of them are now either finished or building; and, judging by the trials of No. 93 boat, which was launched last year, they are a great success. As much as 23·5 knots was obtained by her on her trial, and with the exception of a few minor defects she has acquitted herself well during the present manœuvres. Should we ever go to war with France these "wasps of the sea" will play a considerable part in the struggle, and it is to be hoped that our supply of them will never be allowed to fall short.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.



SHIP'S BOATS RETURNING FROM SHORE.



GUN-DRILL.



"GOOD-BYE, DOBBIN!"

PERSONAL.

The reported disgrace of Li Hung Chang has again brought into prominence one of the most striking personalities in Asia. The famous Chinese Viceroy is an old man now, and he has practically controlled the foreign policy of China for the last thirty years. He is greatly respected as a diplomatist by all the Europeans who have had dealings with him, and who have been struck by his discernment and tenacity. It is probably true that much of Chinese diplomacy consists in temporising with the "foreign devils." There are serious complaints, especially in Mr. Robert Douglas's new book, about the deliberate breach of treaty engagements. Li Hung Chang will not be greatly disturbed by this criticism; and he is likely to survive the alleged affront put upon him by the imperial young ignoramus who is said to have deprived him of the Order of the Yellow Riding Jacket. With or without the garment the Viceroy is likely to remain in the saddle, and if the war with Japan should be prolonged the Japanese will have reason to dread his patient genius for "pegging away."

The Japanese ought to be grateful to our professors of international law. The first impression produced in this country by the sinking of the *Kow-Shing* was one of indignation at the supposed outrage on the British flag. According to Professor Westlake and Professor Holland, the fact that the transport was a British steamer gives this country no claim to reparation. Nor has the absence at the time of any declaration of war anything to do with the real issue. The *Kow-Shing* was carrying Chinese troops to Corea, and when the Japanese began hostilities they had a perfect right to treat the transport as an enemy. As they could not put a prize crew on board a vessel with 1600 desperate Chinamen, they had no alternative but to destroy the ship. The international lawyers appear to think that by the summons to the European officers to quit the *Kow-Shing* the Japanese commander had satisfied all the necessities of the case, especially as the Chinese were determined not to be taken alive. It is well known that the Foreign Office does not take a very high line with regard to the nationality of the transport, and there can be no doubt that the doctrine of the lawyers will be welcomed with effusion at Tokio.

Sir Horace Davey's appointment as the new Lord of Appeal in succession to Lord Russell was generally expected. It is believed that his place in the Court of Appeal will be taken by Mr. Justice Mathew, though there is some grumbling at this prospect of the advancement of a common-law judge. Hitherto, the Court of Appeal has had a bench composed equally of common-law and equity judges. Mr. Justice Mathew's appointment will upset the balance. Nothing is so diverting to a layman as the mutual jealousy of the two branches of the legal profession. An equity barrister will tell you that Mr. Justice Mathew will draw a large salary for learning his business from his equity brethren in the Court of Appeal, and a common-law man will expatiate at any length on the extraordinary ignorance of equity judges. But was a barrister ever met who had not some tale of his own unappreciated efforts to teach the principles of equity or common law to some judge on the bench? At the Bar there is no perception of the wisdom of that famous saying, "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest."

The lapse of a third part of a century since the outbreak in 1861 of the American Civil War has probably effaced from many minds any recollection of the political crisis under President James Buchanan, just before the election of Abraham Lincoln. It was, indeed, the act of Mr. John B. Floyd, a notable representative of the Southern States, in flinging up his office as a member of the Federal Government, that gave the signal for Secession. Upon that occasion, as some American politicians have not forgotten, the conduct of Judge Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, then Postmaster-General, aided most effectually to preserve lawful authority at the capital of the Union. Mr. Holt for a short time actually held the administration of the War Department and co-operated usefully with General Winfield Scott to keep the army together. He has now died at the age of eighty-seven.

There is balm for American susceptibilities in the victories of Mr. Gould's yacht at Cowes. The *Vigilant* has shown distinctly that under certain conditions she can beat the *Britannia*, though what those conditions are it might puzzle the most experienced yachtsman precisely to define. There seems to be as much glorious uncertainty in yachting as in cricket. The Prince of Wales's yacht has won the great majority of the races, but the few victories of the *Vigilant* are so noteworthy that the most "spread-eagled" of American patriots may stretch his plumes with reasonable elation.

Mrs. Fawcett says she believes the intellectual training of women makes them better mothers. To have been to the University does not incline a woman's mind to mathematical equations when she ought to be looking after the cradle. Mrs. Fawcett is proud of her taste for needlework, and her daughter, who took the highest honours at Cambridge, makes everything she wears except her boots. Girls, in Mrs. Fawcett's opinion, are in every

way superior to their grandmothers, a statement which Mrs. Lynn Linton will note with pain. They eat more, and are not ashamed of a healthy appetite. They are taller and stronger, and better informed. Cycling for women Mrs. Fawcett approves, but she objects to the knickerbocker costume as too unconventional.

A lawyer of good practice and high repute in dealing with bankruptcy cases, author of an approved treatise upon that branch of the law, was Mr. George Young Robson, who died a few days ago. He was son of a Yorkshire country gentleman, the squire of Holtby Hall, Bedale, and was educated at University College, Oxford. Having been called to the Bar, at the Inner Temple so far back as 1838, he had long been re-



Photo by Lombardi and Co.
THE LATE GEORGE YOUNG ROBSON.

garded as one of the most experienced members of his profession, and as a special authority in the Bankruptcy Court.

Lord Salisbury's Address to the British Association at Oxford is likely to be memorable. Cynics who are always looking for satire in Lord Salisbury's public utterances say that his Address had a two-fold object—to remind the professors that after all their researches they have discovered very little, and to repudiate the theory of evolution. Certainly Lord Salisbury's remarks about natural selection will give a new stimulus to a controversy which of late years has languished. The criticism at Oxford turned chiefly on point of time. For natural selection to have achieved all the results claimed for it an enormous period was necessary. The biologists had put it at a hundred million years; but the mathematicians had pointed out that at the beginning of that era our planet was too hot for any form of life. So if there has not been a sufficient interval to accomplish our descent from the jellyfish, how can the doctrine of natural selection be accepted as imperative? Again, Lord Salisbury argued that the operation of this supposed law must have been originally a matter of pure chance, and against chance he set the belief in a beneficent design as the more satisfactory explanation. The Address cannot but be regarded as a formidable challenge which the champions of evolution will lose no time in taking up.

It is an interesting suggestion that Mr. George Meredith has taken the main idea of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" from the adventures of the famous Earl of Peterborough and Anastasia Robinson. Peterborough was a harum-scarum soldier who fell out of favour with the military authorities, turned his back in disgust on his native country, married beneath him, and stipulated that the marriage should not be acknowledged. These facts are reproduced in Mr. Meredith's novel, and the behaviour of Lord Ormont is just as eccentric and inexplicable as that of his original. Mr. Meredith is fond of translating actual historical personages into the atmosphere of his imagination; but Mrs. Norton's metamorphosis into Diana of the Crossways is, perhaps, the only thoroughly satisfactory illustration of this method.

It is impossible to deny that the rush of people to Bayreuth during the last few weeks has brought with it a considerable measure of disappointment. People are saying that the performances are very far from what they should be, that the chief performers are very second-rate people, and that even in cases where a name of considerable mark appears on the programme he or she is often represented at the actual performance by an under-study. Perhaps the most grim piece of irony in connection with English criticism of the festival is the appearance made by Mr. George Bernard Shaw in the *World*. Mr. Shaw has long been interesting on account of his attacks upon English treatment of opera, and Bayreuth has always been considered his Mecca. To read his account of the "Parsifal" performance and his very emphatic denunciation of the Bayreuth administration is distinctly startling. By the way, it is only fair to mention in connection with these Bayreuth celebrations that a great many absolutely false reports are abroad as to the treatment of visitors. As a matter of fact, Bayreuth, in common with most German towns, is an exceedingly cheap place to live in, and the stress of 1400 visitors daily to the festival does not seem to have raised prices in the least.

Observers of Bank Holiday crowds are beginning to note a remarkable alteration in English habits. The throngs at the theatre doors on the evening of the holiday showed what a wholesome change has come over the spirit of the London playgoer. He no longer thinks it essential to his enjoyment to fight his way to the front row of the pit. His sporting instinct is so far subdued that he takes his place submissively in the queue outside the pit door, and strives no more to exert his brute strength at the expense of women who happen to be ahead of him. At the Lyceum it has been found necessary to employ mechanical science to keep order among the pittiess. A winding passage with bars, in which people look like the denizens of the "Zoo," preserves the peaceful monotony of the single file. How different from the old days, when the "rush" at the Lyceum pit entrance was one of the most fearful joys of London life! It is, however, more agreeable to reflect that the pittance can be chastened without the aid of bars, and we hope the foreign observer will note that in this respect we are emerging from barbarism.

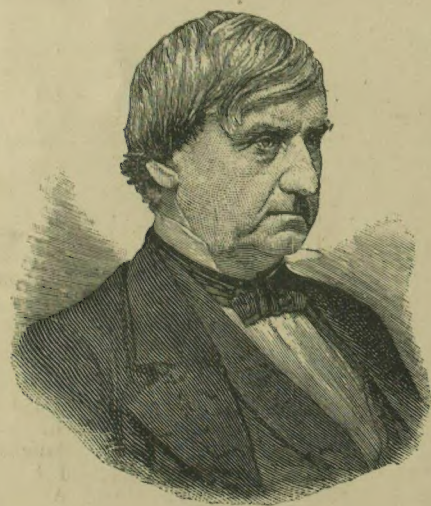
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

When they talk about compromise in the House I am always fearfully reminded of the well-meant efforts of peacemakers to bring together two vivacious ladies who have had a misunderstanding. Nothing happens according to reason, but it is pure chance whether they will kiss again with tears or fall to such a speaking of daggers as never was. I apprehended that in regard to the Nationalists and the Irish landlords it would be a case of daggers, and that foreboding has come true. During the absence of the Opposition from the Committee and Report stages of the Evicted Tenants Bill, there was a misleading calm. Mr. Morley and the Irishmen discussed the Bill together with mutual approbation. Mr. Sexton and others proposed amendments, and Mr. Morley declined most of them with a deprecatory air, as who should say, "It goes to my heart to refuse you, but please to remember that this Bill has to run the gauntlet in another place." During these affecting scenes a few Unionists hovered around. Mr. Hanbury stood at the bar till patience was exhausted, and he offered a suggestion which the Chief Secretary graciously accepted. Whether that was or was not a proud moment for Mr. Hanbury I cannot say, but his face certainly wore a triumphant expression, as if he were longing to say to the member for North Islington, "See, my dear Bartley, what happens when a real statesman steps in!" Mr. Courtney, in his character as an angel of peace, gazed wistfully at the empty Opposition benches, and Mr. Russell sat with his knees rather higher in the air than usual, and seemed to be chewing the cud of bitter reflection on the obstinacy of human nature, especially in politicians. He smiled grimly when Master Willie Redmond—Baby Redmond, perhaps, is a more accurate designation—shook his rattle at property in general and said he would go and tell the other infants of County Clare to be very rude to "land-grabbers." I fancied I heard "T. W." muttering in his beard, "Did um have a nasty temper, naughty ickle sing!"

But at last the self-denying ordinance of the Opposition came to an end, and they trooped back for the debate on the third reading. The angel of peace disguised in the envelope of the member for Bodmin looked anxious, and well he might. For the rejection of the Bill was moved by Mr. Brodrick in a speech which set the Nationalist teeth on edge, and brought up Mr. William O'Brien in a most injudicious passion. Mr. Brodrick, though an earnest and capable young man, is not at any time a pleasing speaker, and on this occasion he appeared to have made up his mind that there should be no compromise if he could help it. The burden of his speech was that the landlords were sick of agitation, that there had been too many Land Acts at their expense already, and that it was time to put an end to concessions which satisfied nobody and encouraged wicked conspirators to ask for more. Mr. Courtney looked white, and Mr. Russell bounced into one of Mr. Brodrick's periods with an angry demand whether allusions to the evidence before the Land Acts Committee were in order. The Speaker said they were not, and this interlude did not make Mr. Brodrick more amiable. The point of Mr. Russell's interruption will be better understood when I say that Mr. Brodrick resisted the appointment of the committee of inquiry into the working of the Land Acts as long as he could, apparently dreading that it would lead to further legislation. Mr. O'Brien's reply was an indiscreet outbreak of passion, and then Mr. Russell made a scathing onslaught on both his predecessors in the debate, especially on Mr. Brodrick, whom he charged with having banished every hope of a peaceful settlement. Mr. Russell's candour was evidently unrestrained by the thought that it might cost him his seat in South Tyrone, whence there are rumours of Conservative hostility. He proceeded to arraign that spirit of landlordism of which Mr. Brodrick's speech was typical, and to remind the House that but for the legislation which Mr. Brodrick had denounced, the value of the land created by the tenant's industry would still be appropriated by the landlord. With bitter emphasis Mr. Russell pointed out that the average reduction of rent in Ireland by law was twenty per cent., whereas in England, where the landlords and not the tenants make the improvements, the voluntary abatements of rent were in many cases forty per cent. Further, Mr. Brodrick was warned that the period of the judicial rents was drawing to a close, and that a still greater reduction by statute would be imperative.

This bluntness from the Liberal Unionist benches did not make the atmosphere more pacific. Mr. Arnold Forster had a good deal to say in the vaguest language about his ideas of principle and righteousness. This young man cannot rid himself of the notion that every thing which comes into his head on the subject of the Ten Commandments or the multiplication table is of the deepest interest to the universe. An advocate of the Irish landlords in the person of Mr. Ross was stimulated by Mr. Russell's speech into a long lamentation over the Land Acts; and this led to a piece of characteristic oratory from Mr. T. D. Sullivan. The times have changed since the days when the voice of this veteran was constantly heard. Mr. Sullivan seldom speaks now, but he was roused by Mr. Ross to something like the old spirit. But, alas for compromise when the smouldering embers of the old agrarian quarrels were fanned to flame by these whirling words! All our old friends of long bygone debates were summoned to the fray. Political economy and the sanctity of contracts trembled with indignation in the accents of Mr. Ambrose. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, who in the course of the Committee stage had won undying fame by sitting in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery with his hat on, wanted to know why English opinion was not considered. Did this Bill contain any guarantee of peace and finality? The idea of finality in the Irish land question moved the House to a rather hollow mirth. Then came reproaches from Mr. Chamberlain and counter-reproaches from Mr. Dillon and Mr. Morley; and the Evicted Tenants Bill, having been read a third time, set out to meet its doom elsewhere, followed by the melancholy adieux of its progenitor.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH HOLT.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Cowes, on Monday, Aug. 6, received as a guest the German Emperor William, her illustrious grandson. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the royal family, met his Majesty the Emperor at Osborne. The Earl of Rosebery, Prime Minister, was invited to dine there. The Emperor sleeps on board his own steam-yacht; and the Prince of Wales and his son live on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, in Cowes Roads.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters, visiting the Emperor and Empress of Russia, during the week, upon the occasion of the wedding of the Russian Grand Duchess Xenia, have witnessed a series of splendid entertainments. Xenia, eldest daughter of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia and of the Empress, is thereby niece to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The marriage was on Monday, Aug. 6, at the Palace of Peterhof, twenty miles from St. Petersburg, down the Neva. The bride is nineteen years of age, the third child of her parents, and has a sister only twelve years old. She has now married her "cousin once removed," the Grand Duke Alexander, a younger son of the Grand Duke Michael, brother to the late Emperor Alexander II.; the bridegroom's age is twenty-eight, and he is a captain in the navy. The wedding was attended by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, coming from England on purpose, and by the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the Czarevitch, the Queen of Greece, Prince Christian of Denmark, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. After the religious ceremony in the chapel, there was a grand banquet, and an illumination of the gardens, fountains, lake, and park of Peterhof.

The Duchess of York, with her mother, the Duchess of Teck, on Aug. 4 left England for St. Moritz, in Switzerland. The infant prince is left at White Lodge, Richmond Park.

Lord Justice Davey has been appointed a Lord of Appeal in the place of Lord Russell of Killowen, the new Lord Chief Justice.

The Registrar-General's quarterly returns of births, marriages, and deaths, which have just been issued, estimate the population of the United Kingdom at the present time at 33,776,134 persons.

The London School Board reports show that in the past year fourteen new schools were built, to hold 13,669 children, the cost amounting to £377,278. Many existing schools were enlarged. Mention is made of various works which have been needful, owing to the development of technical education and special training; and of the steps taken to have all schools properly drained.

A Government grant of £10,000 is promised to Aberystwith College by the Treasury, upon condition of £5000 being raised by voluntary contributions.

A committee of citizens of the United States have invited Mr. Gladstone to visit America this year. In a letter dated July 30, the right hon. gentleman, with grateful thanks, declines the invitation. To visit that great country has been to him an object of just and warm desire, but he has for some time felt that his advancing years would be an insurmountable obstacle. At this time, even were he much younger, it would not be possible. The surgical treatment of his eye for cataract will not be concluded for nearly two months. Until then he is unable to look with confidence for the restoration of practical and useful vision. Under these circumstances, he must not contract any prospective engagements.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, was entertained at the National Liberal Club on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 1, by a large number of his political supporters, Mr. Jacob Bright presiding at the banquet, to congratulate him on the successful passing of his financial measures in this session of Parliament.

The Naval Manœuvres in the Irish Sea have terminated much sooner than usual, in consequence of the general action that took place on Sunday, which is noticed in a separate article. On Tuesday evening, at Kingstown, Admiral Seymour's flag-ship received an announcement that the operations were then concluded.

The yachting season at Cowes has reached its height by the commencement of the Royal Yacht Squadron meeting; but on Monday, Aug. 6, at the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta, three celebrated competitors, the *Britannia*, the *Vigilant*, and the *Satanita*, sailed round the Isle of Wight for the prize cup given by the proprietor of the *Yachtsman*. The Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* has during the past six weeks been engaged with success in many sailing matches off the shores of different parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Her opponents, Mr. G. J. Gould's *Vigilant*, and Mr. A. D. Clarke's *Satanita*,

have proved worthy rivals on the whole, taking into account the diversity of gifts and qualities required on a variety of occasions, from the conditions of the wind, and from its bearing on the course, so that one sailing craft is the best, it may be, at one time, but not at another time. In this race, however, from Cowes Roads out of the Solent eastward, then around the island, passing the Needles and re-entering the strait by Hurst Castle, the prize was won by the *Vigilant*, which completed the circuit in five hours and not quite five minutes; the *Britannia* came in eight or nine minutes later, and the *Satanita* was forty minutes behind her. The victory was due, apparently, in some degree, to accidental favour of the wind. Next day was the first of the Royal Yacht Squadron's races, in which for the Queen's Cup the German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*, as well as the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, were opposed to four small cutters, of not half their tonnage, owned respectively by Admiral the Hon. V. Montagu, Lord Dunraven, Mr. F. Shuttleworth, and Mr. W. B. Cookson, of course with large time allowances for the difference of size. The *Britannia* however, inadvertently starting a little out of order, became disqualified, and the powerful *Meteor*, who sailed second, was very cleverly approached by the *Carina*; which, being at the finish about seventeen minutes later than the *Meteor*, was declared the winner, having an allowance of nearly half an hour. The German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught dined with the Yacht Club.

The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner took place on Wednesday, Aug. 8, at Greenwich. Sir Robert Reid, as the youngest Minister, was in the chair.

The Select Committee on proposals for improving the accommodation of the House of Commons held its last meeting on Aug. 7. The proposal to consider plans for the enlargement of the chamber was debated and divided upon. Six voted in favour of extension and six against. The

of killing M. Carnot, to avenge the execution of Henry and other Anarchist throwers of dynamite bombs. He was interrogated by the judge, and made replies to the same effect. Many witnesses, including the Prefect of the Rhone, and several persons who saw M. Carnot stabbed, were called to prove the case, and M. Dubreuil, counsel for the prisoner, made a speech on his behalf. The verdict having been delivered on the second day, sentence of death was passed.

The news has reached Paris of the murder of M. Dutreuil de Rhins, an explorer, in Tibet, where he has been travelling since 1891.

The Hungarian Premier, Dr. Wekerle, in a speech to his constituents, has vindicated the policy of the Ministry, promised reform in the administrative laws, and that the Nationalist agitation shall receive the full attention of Government.

The Japanese Government has given notice to the foreign representatives that a state of war exists with China. Japanese troops are reported to have been repulsed with heavy loss in an attack upon a Chinese position on the west coast of Corea. The representative of the Mikado in London has been instructed to express regret that the *Kow-Shing* was not known to be a British ship. The captain of that vessel is now stated to have been saved, as well as the German military officer, Captain von Hanneken, in the Chinese service. It is expected that England will claim compensation for the relatives of those who lost their lives by the sinking of the *Kow-Shing* and for the owners of the cargo and of the vessel, which was under the protection of the British flag when she was destroyed by the Japanese in Korean waters before the declaration of war. The Emperor of China has placed all the military authorities under the Viceroy Li Hung Chang. Various Powers are sending war-ships to Corea to guard the interests of their respective subjects. The

British Declaration of Neutrality, which warns her Majesty's subjects against any infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, has been furnished to the Viceroy and extensively circulated in China. An additional force of 10,000 well-drilled Chinese troops has been ordered to proceed from Tientsin to Corea, and more are likely to follow as soon as the difficulties of transport and commissariat can be arranged.

The Khedive of Egypt is expected at Scheveningen, near the Hague. He intends to stay three weeks in Holland, and to visit Amsterdam and Rotterdam, but not England or France.

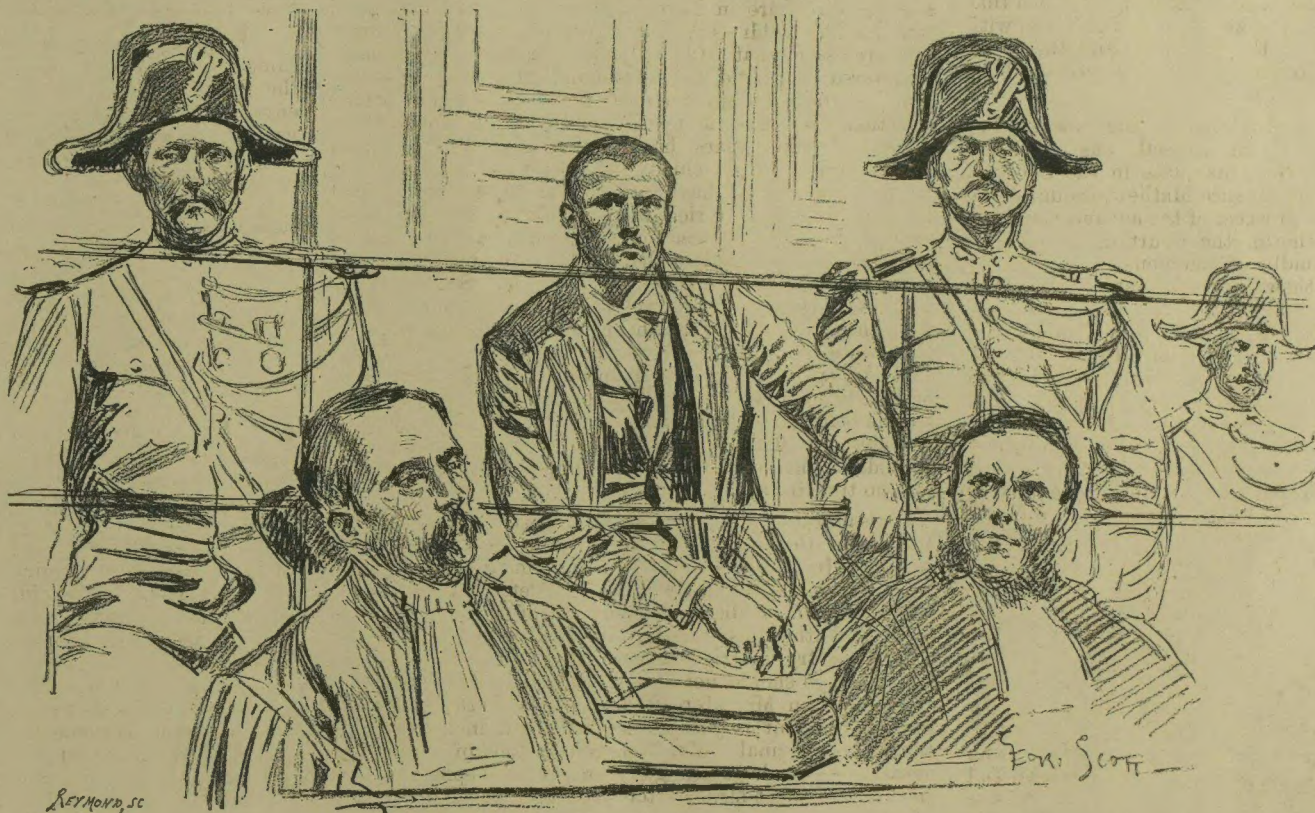
The Jackson-Harmsworth North Polar Expedition, in the steamer *Windward*, sailed from the port of Archangel, in the north of Russia, on Monday, Aug. 6, for Franz Josef

Land, beyond Nova Zembla. Before leaving, there was a religious service, conducted by the British chaplain of Archangel. The expedition was escorted over the harbour bar by a party of our countrymen resident at Archangel, with Mr. Henry Cooke, the British Consul, at their head.

Alpine climbing and travelling in Switzerland have been attended with several disasters this year. An English clergyman named Davidson, and his daughter, mounting to St. Luc on mules, were surprised by the falling of rocks. Miss Davidson was killed. A young abbé, of Lugano, named Elie Large, ascending Mount San Salvatore, fell over a precipice and was killed. Carlo Adolfo Meyer, of the Austrian Alpine Club, attempting the Weisssther Pass, fell a distance of 1500 ft. on to a glacier, where his dead body was afterwards found.

FALLS OF GAIRSOPPA, WESTERN INDIA.

There is a grand feature of natural scenery, not often visited or described, in that part of Western India south of Goa, which is named Canara, a portion of the Madras Presidency. It is true, the Falls of Gairsoppa are said, in the rainy season, to present a very different aspect from that beheld in the dry season. There are four distinct falls, which have different names. The one to the north is the grandest, and it is called "The Maharajah." The water in this begins its descent over a projecting rock, and pours down an unbroken mass to a depth of 829 ft.—more than twice the height of St. Paul's. The fall next to this is called "The Roarer," from the noise it makes; this is caused by the water rushing down a long ledge of rock before it leaps into space. To the south of this is "The Rocket," which title it derives from the water coming down in long pointed jets. The southernmost fall is known as "La Dame Blanche"; because the scattered spray here falls over the rock, producing the appearance of white lace. The refraction of the sunlight by the falling water makes a rainbow, which can be seen during most of the day.



TRIAL OF SANTO CASERIO, AT LYONS, FOR THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

chairman, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, gave his casting vote against the proposal.

The Congress of the British Association of Science, held this year at Oxford, was opened on Wednesday, Aug. 8, when the president, the Marquis of Salisbury, delivered his address. The University authorities and those of the colleges, also the Mayor of Oxford, Alderman Gray, and local reception committee, have made preparations for a good reception of the visitors, and the meeting seems likely to be successful.

The revenue returns show that from April 1 to Aug. 4 this year the total receipts into the Exchequer amounted to £33,761,494, as compared with £31,953,872 in the corresponding period of last year, and the expenditure to £34,430,166 as against £32,978,601. On Aug. 4 the balance stood at £963,718, and on the same day last year at £1,128,626.

A collision took place on the Highland Railway, on Thursday, Aug. 2, at Newtonmore, between Perth and Inverness: a passenger train from Perth ran into a goods train at the station. Professor Dobie, of Edinburgh University, a distinguished Arabic scholar, was killed. Colonel Baillie, Mrs. Taylor, wife of Professor Taylor, and other passengers suffered fracture of their limbs or other severe injuries.

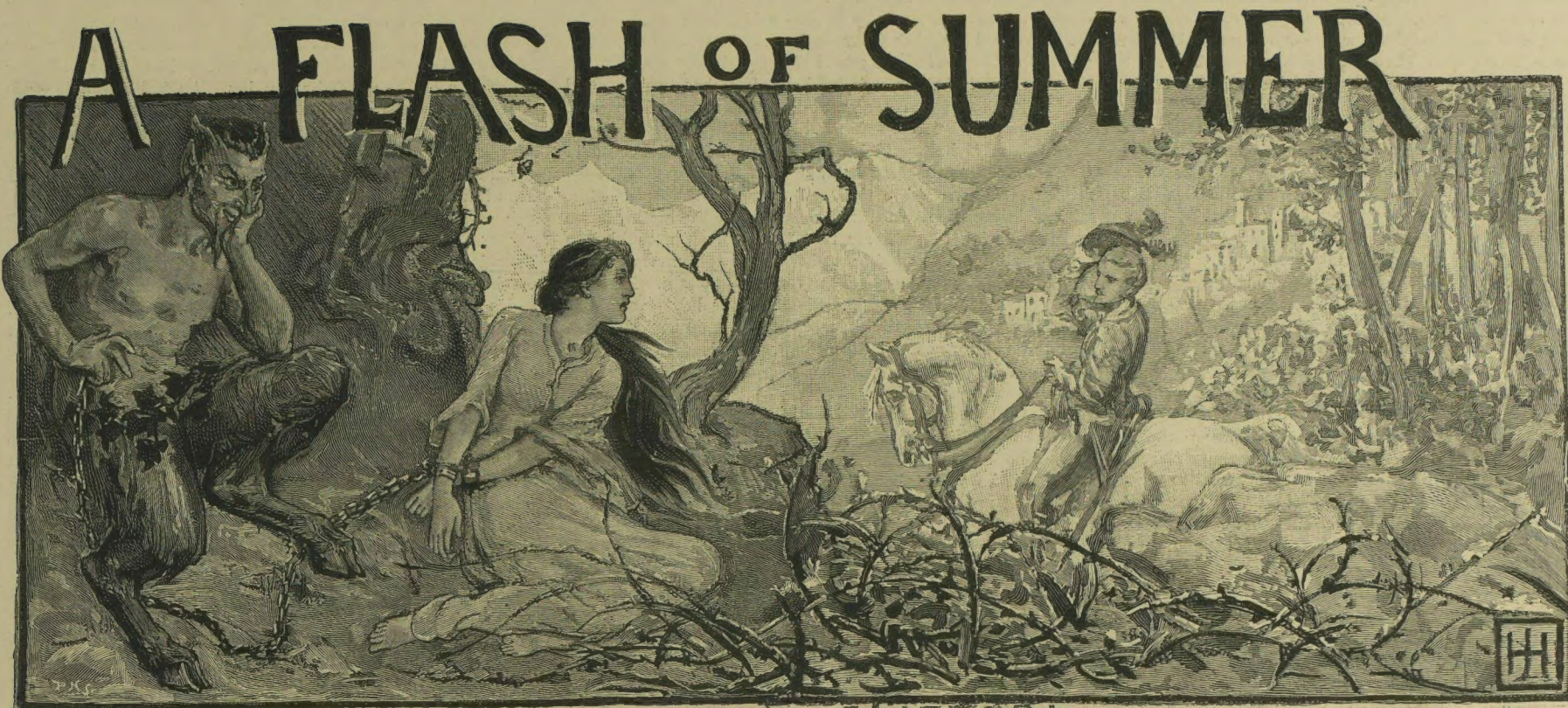
French Anarchists to the number of thirty, including two—namely, Jean Grave and Sébastien Faure—notable for their eloquence and literary ability, were brought before the Paris Assize Court on Monday, Aug. 6, and indicted for a criminal conspiracy to destroy social institutions by acts of violence.

The assassin of President Carnot, the young Italian journeyman baker, Santo Caserio, a native of Lombardy, was on Thursday, Aug. 2, placed on his trial at the Court-house of Lyons, before the presiding judge, M. de Breuille, and a jury which next day found the verdict of "Guilty, without extenuating circumstances." The prisoner, from the first to the last, declared that he had come from Cetto to Lyons for the express purpose



THE FALLS OF GAIRSOPPA, WESTERN INDIA.

See Preceding Page



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Katherine held her breath as she drove away. She felt like a prisoner escaping, and prayed that she might never enter the house again; to live in it meant misery and degradation. A change must be made; something must happen. She would go to Susan, go anywhere—what did it matter where?—for the rest of her days. She was cowed and insulted, miserable and desperate.

"But I will never go back," she said to herself, "I will never, never enter the house again. Uncle Robert's money and Mrs. Barrett's legacy shall save me. I had better get the cheque cashed at once. Oh, dear Mrs. Barrett, thank you, thank you for leaving it to me." At the bank she learnt to her surprise that they could not change it, and the clerk explained the mystery of the two lines across it.

"But I have no banking account," she said.

"Then the simplest way would be to take it back to the drawers," he suggested, "their office is only at the top of Chancery Lane, not a hundred yards from here."

"Thank you," she said, and gave the clerk a grateful look: he remembered it all that day.

The lawyers readily agreed to cash the cheque for her, and when she had signed it and some strange mark had been put upon it, a messenger was sent to the bank. "I saw your husband yesterday, Mrs. Belcher," the senior partner remarked.

"Yes? He went to the country this morning," she answered, with a little shudder she could not help.

"And are you about to follow him?" he asked politely.

"No, I'm going to a friend of my own at Bridgwater."

"I often saw him at Brighton during the winter."

"Yes, he used to go from Saturday till Monday," and she remembered how she had been left at home—though she had been thankful enough to be at peace—while he had possibly been with somebody else, the somebody else he liked so much, and who was now free. Surely she was right to go away? She must and would—and for ever.

"You have only twenty minutes to catch your train," the lawyer said, as he handed her the notes and saw her down to her cab. "I wonder what made that beautiful girl marry Belcher?" he thought as she disappeared. "I wouldn't give much for her chance of happiness, poor thing. I have a notion somehow that he doesn't know about this little legacy, and I shall not feel it my duty to enlighten him."

Meanwhile, Katherine drove on to Paddington. "I feel as if I carried a fortune," she thought; but she was cold and sick with misery, for Mr. Belcher's blow haunted her, and fear—the fear that somehow he would overtake her even before she reached the shelter of Susan's little home at Bridgwater. This was why she did not realise till the porter opened the cab-door that she was at least five minutes too late for her train.

"I must wait for the next," she said.

By some accident her box slipped as it was being lifted from the cab and fell on to the pavement; the broken lock gave way, the lid was twisted aside and one of the hinges wrenched from its bearings.

"I am awfully sorry, Miss," the porter said apologetically, pushing back the contents of the trunk. "It was quite an accident. I'll tie a bit of rope round it." He carried it into the station and then turned round. "Why, the next train doesn't go for the next two hours and a half, Miss. You'll have time to get it mended. There's a shop not two minutes off."

"Oh! it doesn't matter," she said; "it can be mended at Bridgwater," and sat down in the waiting-room. A half-frightened sense of adventure came over her. She had never been a journey alone in her life before, and the fact that she was going to take it without the knowledge of anyone who had control over her made the little one to Susan



Suddenly her eye caught a gleam of gold; it was the wedding ring on her third finger. With a quick movement she drew it off and flung it into the water. "It is all over," she cried, "and I am free."

seem a daring thing to undertake. She felt as if a terrible penalty must await it, but the penalty would not come, at any rate, till the end of a week. She counted the days to Mr. Belcher's return. Six whole ones before he would drive up in a hansom to Montague Place with Dottel—poor ugly Dottel—on the seat growling and looking out at the people passing by. He would ask for her and hear that she had gone to Bridgwater without his leave, without telling him, without his money, for she had left the two pounds on the mantelpiece in the dining-room. She wondered if he would telegraph or write or come. "But I won't go back," she thought. "I will stay with Susan all my life or hide myself somewhere else." Then, stunned and dazed at the events of the morning, she fell half asleep, while some jibbering fiend whispered to her, "You'll have to go back—you'll have to go back—he'll make you, and then he'll treat you a thousand times worse. Some day he'll kill you."

"He won't," she answered in a dream, "for I will kill myself."

"You will never do that," the fiend said, "for you want to live, and if he does not kill you, you'll have to live years—and years—and years." Then a voice in the distance that was wholly different, and seemed to belong to some pitying soul that stretched out its arms to her and was sorry, tried to comfort her. "The world is very beautiful," it said, "you wanted to walk all over it; it is full of joy and sorrow and work to do, and somewhere in it someone has need of you, just as Mrs. Oswald said." The tears came into her eyes and her throat was choked by a sob.

"I know, I know; but I am stunned and blind and afraid," she answered. "What can I do?—where shall I go?—oh, take me and hide me away from the life I have known, and let me be happy—just a little bit happy and safe, and hidden from him." She put her head down on her breast, in order to show no sign while the people passed to and fro, each one full of his or her own concerns. Then there came back to her like a message out of the past, with a little reproach in it for not having understood it at the time, Mr. Oswald's talk at Windermere about the boats to the Mediterranean and the little places along the coast that his wife had despised. She held her breath as she thought of them. It seemed a daring, desperate thing to do, but she was a daring, desperate woman. "If I could get to one of them," she said to herself, "he would never find me." It would be far better than going to Susan. She thought of the blue sea and the mountains and Mrs. Oswald's description of how the people ate macaroni and basked in the sun and went to Mass in the morning, and sat round their little oil-lamps in the evening. It all came back as if it had been but yesterday. "He said that the boats started from Southampton on Wednesdays. I will go—I will go at once!" she cried, starting up; but she did not know even how to get to Southampton or from what station the train went, and she was afraid to make many inquiries lest Mr. Belcher should trace her and drag her back gagged and pinioned. Chance befriended her: for once in her wanderings she had passed a shipping office in Waterloo Place, and it occurred to her that the best thing to do would be to go there and inquire, even though she missed the ship for this week. She rescued her broken trunk from the heap of luggage among which it had been placed, and breathless and almost irresponsible, drove off.

Four hours later she was at Southampton. The boats sailed from there surely enough, though the day of sailing had been changed to Thursday. She had decided that it was better to fly from London at once, and taken her passage to Genoa. She took it at the office in Waterloo Place, and as Miss Katherine Kerr, for when the clerk had asked what name he was to put on her ticket, she did not dare to give her husband's: moreover, she never wanted to be known by it again.

The Windermere experience taught her how to enter the hotel at Southampton, and desperation kept up her courage. She arrived in the afternoon, and like a woman in a dream walked about the place, looking across to the Isle of Wight and staring at the tall masts of the ships and the busy life along the shore. Everything was so strange to her, and like the setting of a dream. She wondered if it were her own self who walked about or someone else into whom she had been changed. As if some impulse which was not her own controlled her, she stopped before a trunk-shop and remembered her broken box. The shop was full of leather cases, P. and O. boxes such as people usually take on board ship for their cabins. She had seen the passengers at the station arriving with them from other ships. So she entered and bought one and a Gladstone bag, and then, trying to imagine what else she needed to make her resemble an ordinary traveller, became possessed of wraps and other things that helped to disguise her, if hereafter Mr. Belcher tried to trace her by description. All this was done by chance or fate rather than intention of hers. The old box was given to the chambermaid, who, seeing that Katherine was young and sad, for some sympathetic reason told her that in a week's time she was going to America to keep house for a brother whose wife had died.

In the night, that first night she had ever been adrift in the world, with no one having knowledge of her whereabouts, some sort of reaction overtook her. The thing she was doing seemed so unbelievable when she calmly considered it. She was running away from home, from everybody who knew her; she was going out into the strange world alone, among

people she had never seen, and to some place of which she did not even know the name, and that was only a vague dream to her. She sat up in bed and looked out into the darkness, and considered her position in sheer astonishment. "Perhaps I ought to have gone to Uncle Robert," she thought. But she knew that though he had given her two hundred pounds in case of an emergency, he would sternly disapprove of her conduct. "A woman must submit to the authority of her husband," he would have told her, and sent her back. Or Susan? Susan would send her back too, cowed and submissive. She was quite right not to go to Bridgwater. She wished she had written to Mr. Belcher before leaving his house and told him that he was free, that she would never trouble him again nor cost him anything, and that he might marry anyone else if he liked, for he should never see her again. It would have been a good thing to do. She ought to have thought of it in London, for presently she would not dare to write lest the postmarks betrayed her hiding-place. But it did not matter. He would only be glad that she was gone and go on with his life contentedly enough.

"I will never go back," she said aloud. It was not as if she had made him happy, or as if he had liked her or needed her. She had only been in his way. If she had stayed with him he would have broken her heart, or else—and she looked up as if she were listening to something; it was the recognition of a strange possibility in her heart, and she could hardly believe it—or else he would have roused her and made her a bad and cruel woman, and some day she might have killed him. She understood now how it was that dreadful

"We have started," she cried, and rose to her feet, trembling with excitement again. She threw off her gloves and hat, and kneeling upon the berth, looked out of the port-hole. Yes, they had started. The shore was receding farther and farther from the ship. She looked at the widening sea with a strange unbelieving joy. An indescribable sense of security came over her; a sob came into her throat. Suddenly her eye caught a gleam of gold; it was the wedding-ring on her third finger. With a quick movement she drew it off and flung it into the water. "It is all over," she cried, "and I am free!"

CHAPTER IX.

Four days: a long draught of freedom and contentment. The sea had been rough enough, but it was deepest blue now, and the sunshine was pricking it everywhere with gold. Light and warmth everywhere, while a happy breeze went by, touching the travellers on its way. Katherine's face had lost the hunted look it wore the day she came on board. The captain stared at her with undisguised admiration and wondered what might be her history. Her fellow-passengers were disposed to be friendly. But there was a natural dignity that stood her in good stead and helped her to keep them at a distance. "Sensible girl," a middle-aged man going out to Venice said to himself, "she knows her own business and means to mind it." The ship arrived at Gibraltar on the fifth day, and the passengers went ashore for a few hours. It was early morning, the market was crowded, the main street full of life. Katherine hesitated; she

was half afraid, but she remembered that she was by herself, and hoped to be so for ever, and gathered courage. She walked a little way towards Europa Point, then the courage fled; she turned round quickly and went back. "Not yet, not yet," she said to herself. "I know it is all beautiful and strange, but I am blind and deaf still, and feel safe nowhere but on board." The ship was deserted, nearly everyone was ashore. She sat on deck and watched the Rock and its wonderful gardens, which were a mass of bloom, and the people moving to and fro, and she looked across at the African coast on the other side and thought how wonderful it was to see the edge of another quarter of the world. Mr. Belcher and Montague Place seemed to have passed out of her life, but the events of the last week had left her tired. By and by she would feel better.

The day wore on, and the passengers began to return. "They will ask me questions if I stay here," she thought, and went down to her cabin again—that blessed little cabin in which she had sealed her freedom when she flung her wedding-ring through the port-hole. It was as if she had drawn her pen across a terrible chapter in her life that had only by some dire chance been written on her memory. It was so good to lie on the sofa with the port-hole open, to feel the sweet air coming in—air that Mr. Belcher had never breathed in his life—and all the sounds of happy life from the shore. She heard voices as of arrivals and heavy luggage being carried on board—quantities of it. It was put down with a thud on the lower deck ready for carrying below or into the cabins. There was a light footstep, and a woman's voice said merrily—

"What a clean little ship it is! We shall enjoy our three days on board her," as it went past Katherine's cabin-door.

"As long as the Immortal doesn't mind it I don't care," a man answered. "If he does mind it, and he's going to be next us, I do."

"Look after the Mummy, George darling, and I'll take care of the Immortal," the woman, whose voice seemed familiar to Katherine, answered back. Then she heard no more—only the sound of the donkey-engine beginning again, and more footsteps and voices and confusion and hurrying, and she knew that the ship was being made ready to move. She longed for it to go on. She had discovered that she loved the sea and board-ship: it made her feel

like an infant being rocked in a huge cradle by a wise and loving mother; she would be sorry when they reached Genoa, but that was three days ahead—three good days of life to live. How beautiful it was to be alone! "I should like to spend a lifetime in this dear ship at sea," she thought. Then she looked up though the port-hole again. The donkey-engine had stopped, the Rock was going backwards, the ship had started. She waited another hour in her cabin, then put on a shady hat and went on deck. There were only two or three people about, the middle-aged man was reading a novel, and the German husband and wife who had come on board at Southampton stood watching Gibraltar as the ship sped on away from it. Suddenly she came upon an old lady sitting by the wheelhouse on a deck-chair; a shawl was wrapped round her shoulders, a railway-rug had been put carefully over her knees.

"This must be the Mummy," she thought. A closely written letter was pinned to the railway rug, so that it might not blow away; its owner read it again and again while she knitted. She looked up as Katherine passed, and her ball of brown worsted rolled on to the ground. Katherine picked it up, and saw by chance that the letter pinned to the railway-rug was dated from Simla.

"Thank you," the old lady said. She was not very old—sixty, perhaps—but she looked delicate and even feeble. She had grave dark eyes and a sallow complexion, and quantities of soft grey hair, half hidden in an old-fashioned white lace cap. But above all there was something stately about her. "What a beautiful face," Katherine thought to herself as she turned away. "I wish my mother had lived and looked like that, and had loved me." Two people came up the companion and passed by her; she did not see their faces, but they were evidently young. The man was tall and soldierly, the woman was graceful. They went to the old lady.

"Are you all right?" asked the man affectionately. "I've arranged all your things in your cabin," said the woman, and again the voice sounded familiar; "the Immortal is happy and so are we." Katherine walked the length of the ship and came back to meet the strangers face to face: with a little cry of surprise she recognised one of them and hesitated.

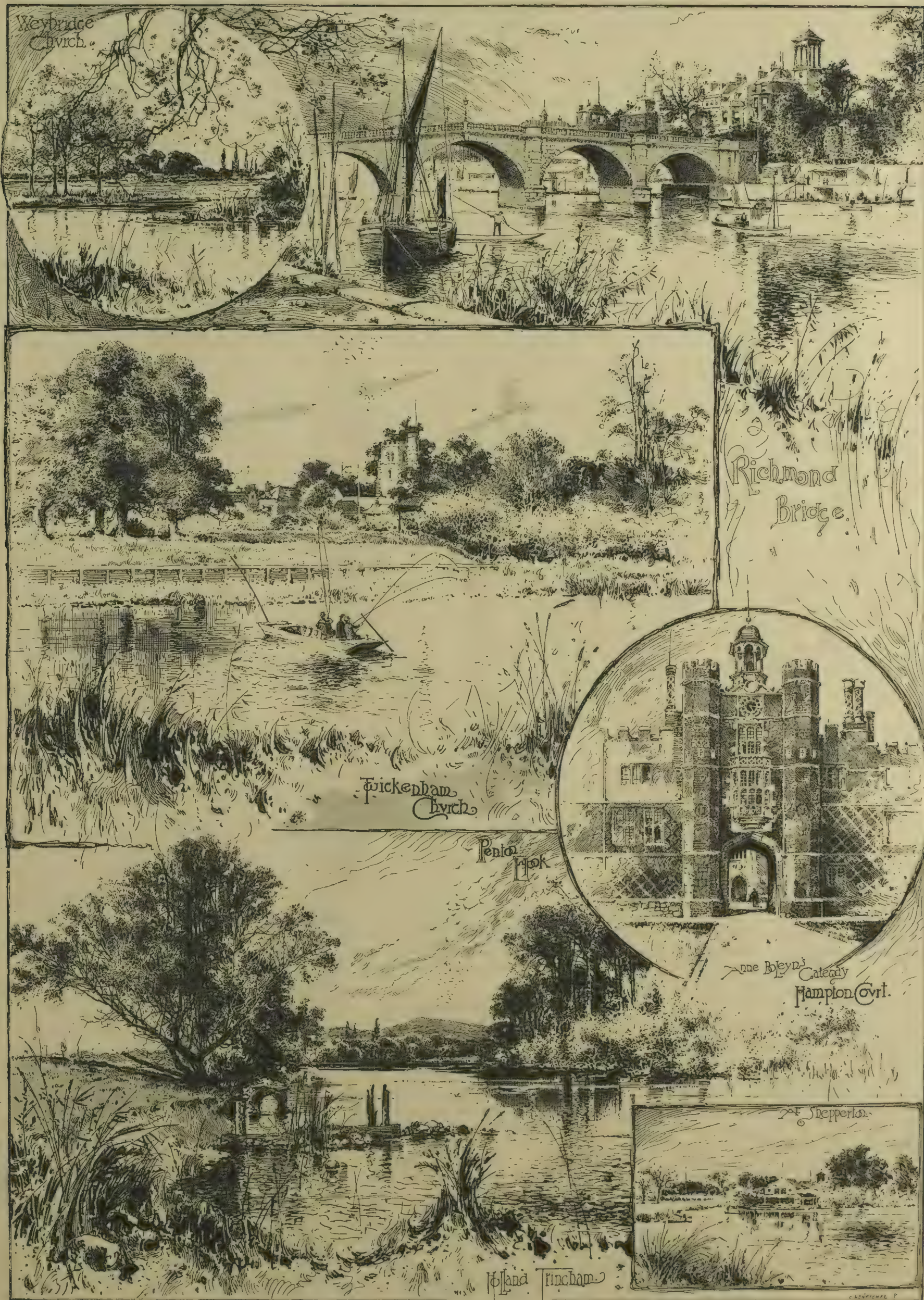
(To be continued.)



She came upon an old lady sitting by the wheelhouse on a deck-chair; a shawl was wrapped round her shoulders, a railway-rug had been put carefully over her knees.

things were done. Oh, it was terrible! she thought. No people in the world ought to marry unless they felt that if no ceremony at all had ever been known they would have lived together just the same all their lives because they could not bear to live apart. That would be marriage, but they were not married—he and she—and she would never say that they were again. When she had arrived at this conclusion she put her head down on the pillow once more and tried to sleep; but she dreamt that Mr. Belcher was sending down a shower of blows upon her, and awoke to realise with shuddering thankfulness that she was beyond their reach.

She went on board as early as possible the next day, and breathed freely as she went over the gangway. The stewardess told her that, as there were so few passengers, she could have a cabin to herself. The possibility of a companion had not occurred to her, but she recognised the danger she had escaped. She tried to stay on deck and watch the hurry and bustle of getting away, but it was no good—she could not bear it. She went to her cabin and shut the door and sat on the sofa berth beneath the port-hole, and looked at her new P. and O. box and the bag beside it, and trembled with exhaustion—the exhaustion of continual excitement, of fear and daring. There were voices and footsteps coming on board and the loud click-clicking of the crane hoisting bales of goods on to the deck. Then the donkey-engine began, and presently the ropes were gathered in and the captain's stentorian voice gave orders from the bridge: it was like music to Katherine's ears. More going up and down and crowding and talking, the occasional rattle of a glass or dropping of some heavy load, a shriek from the funnel and the stoppage of the donkey-engine, a tremulous feeling that shook the boat, and the rushing of the water at the side.





A MONGOL COURIER CARRYING THE CHINESE MAIL ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT.



COURTYARD OF A CHINESE INN.

From Sketches by Julius M. Price.



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: CHINESE LEVIES EMBARKING ON A TRANSPORT.

LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.

Literary Associations of the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Two volumes. (Glasgow: J. MacLehose and Sons.)—The Vicar of Crosthwaite has identified himself so intimately in men's minds with the Lake country that it is not without a little surprise that one learns from the preface to this book that his residence began only fifteen years ago. He must have made excellent use of his time and opportunities, for it will seem to the reader as if

Not a hidden path, that to the shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurks undiscovered by him; not a rill
But he has traced it upwards to its source;

and with equal reason will it appear that Canon Rawnsley's acquaintance with the topography of the district is only equalled by his knowledge of its history, its people, and its associations of all kinds. Indeed, so generously is the promise of the title-page exceeded, so much more varied is the service bestowed, that a tramp of intelligence, however exacting, who carries the book in one pocket and a good ordnance map in the other will find himself amply provided for an exhaustive tour of the Lake country.

The work is conveniently divided, both for pilgrim and fireside reader, into two handy volumes, the first dealing with "Cumberland, Keswick, and Southey's Country," and the second with "Westmorland, Windermere, and the Haunts of Wordsworth." This topographical basis necessarily involves some repetition, for the associated individuals, both in person and in their writings, not seldom strayed over the borders assigned them. The impossibility of maintaining fences will be realised in a moment if one remembers the incessant comings and goings during three years of Coleridge and the Wordsworths over the twelve miles which lie between Dove Cottage and Greta Hall, and the trysting-places the friends established *en route*; and that "Wordsworthshire" may be held to include the whole of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, together with a goodly slice of North Lancashire.

Besides the three "Lake Poets," a guide to the literary associations of their dominion has many names to attend to—"Christopher North," De Quincey, Hartley Coleridge, the Arnolds, Thomas Clarkson, and a host less famous—such as Faber, Charles Lloyd, the Speddings, Wilkinson (of the "Spade"), "Thorndale" Smith, Harriet Martineau, to mention only a tithe of the goodly company. These were all more or less permanent residents, but the visitor's list is neither less long and varied nor less brilliant. Gray (the pioneer of the poets), Shelley, Keats, Scott, Davy, Carlyle, Clough, Tennyson—to pick only a few of the brighter names in Canon Rawnsley's index. They all belong to the past; for the present (apart from the autumnal hotel lists) the interest seems to be confined to Coniston, and to one house on its banks, "Brantwood," the home of Mr. Ruskin, who was preceded in its occupation by Mr. Gerald Massey and by Mr. W. J. Linton. Canon Rawnsley's own vicarage has an earlier literary association, as being the birthplace of Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has herself done something to spread the fame of her countryside, both directly and indirectly.

But after all it is Wordsworth who is, and will ever continue to be, the presiding genius of the district; and Canon Rawnsley might well have adorned the title-page of both his volumes with these lines of Matthew Arnold—

Rydal and Fairfield are there!
In the shadow Wordsworth lies dead.
The spots which recall him survive,
For he lent a new life to these hills.
The Pillar which broods o'er the fields
Which border Ennerdale Lake,
And Egremont sleeps by the sea.
The gleam of The Evening Star
Twinkles on Grasmere no more,
But ruin'd and solemn and grey
The sheepfold of Michael survives.

Southey lived at Keswick the most exemplary of lives for forty years, Coleridge for barely four; yet so overpoweringly does the odour of genius cling to whatever it touches that it is rather the shade of Coleridge than Southey's which haunts Greta Hall and the giant's camp of mountains which surrounds it. Dove Cottage was Wordsworth's home for seven years, and De Quincey's for seven and twenty, yet it is appropriately as the shrine of Wordsworth that its walls and roof-tree and orchard-plot have been consecrated. All, however, that our guide has to tell us and remind us of Coleridge and Wordsworth and Southey, and of those personages who sit just below their throne, such as the Opium-Eater and Christopher North, is tolerably familiar. A fresher, if less absorbing, interest attaches to the memorials thoughtfully provided of men like Thomas Wilkinson of Yanwath; Jonathan Otley, basketmaker and clock "rightler" of Keswick, whose guide-book to the Lakes (1823, &c.) is the most original, as it is still one of the best and most informing, and whose coaching in their several subjects was warmly and gratefully acknowledged by Dalton, Phillips, Sedgwick and Airy; Frederick Myers, "the Maurice of the North" (as Canon Rawnsley styles him), distinguished father of distinguished sons; William Smith, whose subtle and graceful thought—webs called "Thorndale" and "Gravenhurst" have very undeservedly been forgotten; Thomas Clarkson, hero and historian of the Anti-Slavery crusade; and twenty more men and women whose memories serve to enhance the pleasure and profit of a Lake tour. Among these Wilkinson is notable. He has been known to the world at large only by Wordsworth's address, "To the Spade of a Friend," and the introductory note thereto; but the copious extracts made by Canon Rawnsley from a memoir reveal an uncommonly attractive figure—a simple farmer following the plough over his few paternal acres, who was a man of education and taste, a keen and sympathetic and eminently articulate observer of men and nature; famous in his countryside as a landscape-gardener, and the associate of the Wordsworths, of Coleridge, of Clarkson, of Charles Lloyd, and of the Lowthers, who made of him a friend and neighbour.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

ART IN ONE VOLUME.

The Story of a Modern Woman. By Ella Hepworth Dixon. (London: W. Heinemann.)—It is characteristic of British haphazardness that in the controversy about the three-volume novel little or nothing is said of fiction as an art. It rarely occurs to any disputant that publication in this form is a direct encouragement to every possible vice of style. The three-volume novel may, as some contend, give young writers their only opportunity of a market; but it does not help them to write. It discourages the very alphabet of their art. Does anybody suppose that when Maupassant was Flaubert's apprentice he was taught how to spread himself through three volumes, at so many pages a volume, how to break off the story, and cram a given space with empty dissertations, so as to eke out the material for the requirements of the circulating library? There are indolent readers, no doubt, who receive boxes from Mudie's, and like their fiction padded, so as to save them from any undue mental strain. Their theory of reading is that it should pass an idle half-hour in the morning or just before dinner, and to be asked to concentrate their attention on a really artistic effort, which cannot be appreciated in all its proportions by the Mudie subscribers whose chief exertion is made with the paper-knife, would be regarded as an unspeakable outrage on the canons of inertia. But happily there are young writers among us who will not sacrifice themselves to the Mudie Moloch, and who devote infinite pains to an art which some successful authors have managed to forget in the easy task of serving up an *olla podrida* of odds and ends—an intolerable quantity of commonplace to a halfpennyworth of story—two or three times a year. I do not say that Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon's novel satisfies the most fastidious sense of harmony and social philosophy. There is a wicked doctor, one Dunlop Strange, who is rather a tentative shadow of a man than a real study, and who leaves you with a feeling of his enormity out of all proportion to your actual knowledge of him. Here is a sign of the inexperienced hand. Another drawback from an artistic standpoint is that the book is rather a series of detached sketches than a coherent whole. Tragic things happen, but not with that inevitableness which is the last touch of a master. Yet on the other side of the account there is sincerity, a disdain of cheap artifice, a patient insight into the mental and emotional growth of the type of woman born to be unhappy, a singular pathos of suggestion, that precious gift of painting the lineaments of fleeting images of the passions which come up from the depths of human nature to the surface, where they are rarely seen; there is, besides, real humour, the blessed thing which is so casual a visitant in women's novels, the humour which is no forced smartness of mere quip and crank, but the spirit that has an anodyne for the keenest pang, and often snatches us from abysses. A story of which so much can truthfully be said is a contribution to art as well as to the circulating library, a conjunction which, in these days of British fiction, is surprising.

L. F. AUSTIN.

IRISH FOLK-LORE.

West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances. Collected and translated by William Larminie. (Elliot Stock, 1894.)—The renaissance of Celtic literature is in progress. When Oxford removed the reproach of Matthew Arnold against her by founding a Celtic chair, there was given an impetus to the recovery and decipherment of the venerable relics of Gaelic poetry and legend, and to the ingathering of the rapidly perishing unwritten materials of which this book has interesting examples. Not that the "harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed" has been mute; its song has throbbed through the less magical music of our forefathers from over-sea. To the beauty of Nature, as expressed in Greek and Latin poetry, and to the realism of German poetry, the Celt, as Arnold says in his sympathetic lectures, has added "the intimate life of Nature, her weird power, her fairy charm."

The chief value of Mr. Larminie's volume lies in the retention of this element. He has not followed the mischievous example of some previous collectors and dressed the archaic tale in modern garb, but given it, "warts, wrinkles, and all," as it comes from the narrators—peasant coast-dwellers in Connaught and Donegal. The collection is prefaced by an introduction which evidences sobriety of judgment on matters about which much nonsense has been written. The silly fables of British descent from the ten "lost tribes," and of Jeremiah's visit to Ireland, are replaced by well-grounded theory of the races dwelling there in prehistoric times—the pure Gaelic, or Celts, members of the so-called "Aryan" family; the Mongolian, or Finnish, members of the so-called "Turanian" family; and the Iberians or Milesians (from Milesius, the patriarch of the race), who come from Spain—all more or less commingled; each bringing their stock of folk-lore and custom; the legends known as Fenian (from Fionna, a race of superhuman heroes) being "non-Aryan folk-literature subjected to Aryan treatment." The eighteen stories—only part of a large collection—in this volume are of a more primitive and uncanny type even than those in Dr. Douglas Hyde's fine examples in his "Beside the Fire." Perhaps the strangest, for "the pity o' it," is the story of the "Woman who went to Hell." That she might save her son's soul, she agreed to work there for seven years, keeping down the souls "stewing and burning in the boiler." She would not eat of the food supplied her (a common incident in tales of visits to the underworld), but flung it into a barrel. At the end of the time the devil demanded payment for her "keep," when she showed him the heaped-up barrel. Her mission being still in vain, she bargained to stay another seven years if the devil would then give her all that she could take away. And so when the fourteen years were spent, she brought away from hell "all the souls that were in the boiler," some clinging to her dress, and others to her hair, and among these was her son. Altogether a book which the folk-lorist should add to the shelf which holds the kindred collections of Kennedy, Curtin, Standish O'Grady, Hyde, and Yeats's delightful "Celtic Twilight."

EDWARD CLODD.

A BOOK OF GOOD STORIES.

A Journalist's Note-Book. By Frank Frankfort Moore. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)—Mr. Frankfort Moore satisfies the desire for a story which is so remarkable a characteristic of the human, child or adult. His very substantial volume is, in fact, a huge collection of stories, linked by the thinnest thread of comment. The book is well in the line of succession to Mr. Lafanu's delightful *Reminiscences*; and it has many stories as racy of the soil from which they have sprung. But if one has any quarrel with Mr. Moore, it is because the stories are less indigenous than one would have looked for. Mr. Moore has lived most of his life in Belfast, and these Notes have been penned chiefly from his experiences of a Belfast newspaper office. Now, without any disrespect to the commercial capital of Ireland, it may be said of Belfast that it is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. It is distinctly not Irish, though it lies girt by divinely soft Irish hills; it is not English; perhaps it comes nearest to being a Scotch town dropped by accident into Ireland. This, perhaps, will account for a certain something in Mr. Moore's book which suggests a man without a country. Of patriotism for Belfast Mr. Moore has none. And though he has the Irish wit, vivacity, and charm, he does not seem very Irish. He fleers with impartial good humour at Belfast, and the unimportant bit that is the rest of Ireland, alike. However, your cosmopolitan has a wide field wherein to go story-picking; and so in Mr. Moore's Note-Book, stories of many flavours will be found—stories gay and serious, though mostly gay, stories mocking and sympathetic, though mainly mocking; but something for all palates. We all know that wit is cold; and in Mr. Moore's string of stories, as in his novel-writing, his brilliancy sometimes sparkles too coldly. But it is, perhaps, unreasonable that in a book written avowedly to amuse one should complain of any lack of seriousness. Mr. Moore's gaiety is Irish, at all events; and he is never for a moment a dull companion. He has a very Irish feeling for the inconsequent and whimsical things in his countrymen, which do not always appeal to the Saxon sense of humour. We Irish take leave to laugh at things which are often nearest our hearts; and we joke at many things that to another sense of ours is matter for lamentation. Mr. Moore's best jokes are made out of the deficiencies of our hotels and railways; though even in Belfast they are Irish enough to wish that such institutions were altered for the better. Many of these jokes tickle one immensely, but it is easier to find space for a couple of specimens of Mr. Moore's diversions from the main path—for he is too accomplished a story-teller to keep you jog-trot on a single subject for long without delightful rambles afield.

"I recollect that upon the occasion of this shooting-party, a new under-keeper arrived from Connaught, and I overheard him telling a colleague from the County Clare that the avenue leading to his last employer's residence was forty-two miles long. 'Be me sowl,' said the Clare man, 'it's not meself that would like to be set down at the lodge gates on an empty stomach within half an hour of dinner time.' After some further conversation, the Connaught man began to dilate upon the splendour of his late master's family. He reached a truly dramatic climax by saying, 'An' every night of their lives at home the ladies strip for dinner.' 'Holy Moses!' was the comment. 'Do your master's people at home strip for dinner?' inquired the Connaught man. 'No; but they link in,' was the reply."

I have heard of a branch line in the west of Ireland where, if anything was forgotten at a station, the train went back from the next to recover it. On this same line a friend of mine has told me that, getting out to stretch his legs, he asked of the guard, "How long do you wait at this station?" "We'll go on just whenever it suits you, Sir," was the obliging reply. My friend was the only passenger by the train. Mr. Frankfort Moore caps such incidents by various good stories, which may only suggest to the Saxon a sense of the Irish irresponsibility. There is the delightful station-master who used to stroll round the carriages when the trains stopped with special inquiries after the health and comfort of each passenger. The regulars he knew intimately, and all their concerns, their ailments, &c., and everything was inquired after in detail. One day a hasty commercial gentleman, whose patience had given out, attempted a sarcastic rebuke. "'Look here, station-master,' he cried; 'is there a breakdown on the line?' 'I don't know, indeed, Sir,' was the bland reply; 'but I'll try and find out for you.' The station-master went off (hurriedly, for him), and did not return for five minutes. 'I've telegraphed up the line, Sir,' he said, 'and I am happy to assure you that no information regarding a breakdown has reached any of the principal stations. It has been raining at Ballynamuck, but I don't think it will continue long. Can I do anything more for you, Sir?' 'No, thank you,' said the commercial gentleman, meekly. 'I can find out for you if the Holyhead steamer has had a good passage, if you don't mind waiting for a few minutes,' suggested the official. 'What! you are anxious to get on?' Certainly, Sir. I'll tell the guard. Good morning, Sir.' When the train was at last in motion a very old man in a corner pulled out his watch and then turned to the commercial traveller. 'Are you aware, Sir,' he said tartly, 'that your confounded inquiries kept us back just seven minutes. You should have some consideration for your fellow-passengers, let me tell you, Sir.' A murmur of assent went round the compartment."

Mr. Moore is occasionally serious, as when he tells the curious story about the detection of the Phoenix Park murderers. This is so interesting as to make one wish for more of such contemporary history. After all, your journalist is the person to chronicle for us contemporary history, for by the time the years are ripe for the historian, only the imposing events remain. A volume of more serious jottings from Mr. Moore's Note-Book would be engrossing reading; but as a book of good stories this is likely to be the book of the season. Occasionally Mr. Moore gives us a chestnut, as in the story of the man who inscribed a copy of the Bible "With the author's compliments," but you may travel his handsome volume "thorough" and not find half-a-dozen tales with the flavour of antiquity.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

ART NOTES.

Sir A. W. Franks has done so very much for the British Museum that it seems to be assumed he will do more. Many of his loans to the Bloomsbury collection are looked upon as national property, and it is now publicly stated that his celebrated prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth, which he has deposited in the Gold Room, is to be regarded as placed there permanently. Indeed, it is said that it was consideration of this which induced Mr. C. Wertheimer to reduce his price. Last year, when the objects of art belonging to the late Mr. George Field were sold at Christie's, Mr. Robson was commissioned to buy the book for the British Museum, but it was put up at £500, and Mr. Robson was left behind by Mr. Wertheimer and Mr. C. Davis, the duel ending in a bid of 1220 guineas from Mr. Wertheimer. In many portraits of Queen Elizabeth this prayer-book, with

picture from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" has not met with a new owner while at Burlington House, but it does not follow that it will please the taste of Cottonopolis, nor is it known to be going there. Leeds, by the way, has bought "Homeward," by Mr. Fred Hall, which was in the Academy last year. Mr. McCulloch, who in the hard times of late has been a mine of wealth to painters working on a grand (big) scale, has bought "Orpheus," by Mr. J. M. Swan, since it went to the Academy, as well as Miss Henrietta Rae's "Psyche before the Throne of Venus," which he saw, coveted, and gained on Studio Sunday.

The barrack ground behind the National Gallery, and more also, will be needed before long if purchases, bequests, and gifts continue to multiply at the same ratio as they have thus far into the current year. No less than thirty additions have been made. The two just hung are gifts, and are by artists of whom the Gallery has

admirably planned. Belgium and France, between them, occupy just half the space, but there is even then plenty of room for Holland, Denmark, Italy, Hungary, Austria, Germany, Norway, America, Spain, and Great Britain. On the whole, France and America are the best. France considerably raises its standard by exhibiting a few works by deceased masters such as Meissonier (whose gem "The Etcher" it is a pleasure to see), and in the American section Mr. Whistler, besides nocturnes and symphonies, is represented by two of his most noted portraits—namely, Miss Rose Corder and Sarasate. There are some beautiful chalk studies by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for his Perseus series, and for "In the Depths of the Sea," impressions from Mr. Steer, conventions from Mr. Pyne and Mr. Fulleylove, the broad work of Mr. Hayes, jun., and exquisite finish of figure and surfaces by Sir James Linton. Altogether England's art is fairly exploited by



"MORTE D'ARTHUR."—BY JAMES ARCHER, R.S.A.

King Arthur, wounded in the "last great battle," was received into a barge by three Queens with great mourning, and carried to the island of Avilion:

"Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

Queens attend him, and on the right is seen an angel bearing the Holy Grail.

Exhibited at the Guildhall Loan Collection, 1894.—Reproduced by kind permission of Abraham Haworth, Esq.

coloured enamel figures in relief on its gold covers, is seen slung on her girdle from two rings at the top of the little volume. It was shown at the Tudor Exhibition, and it was sent to Windsor for the Queen and the Empress Frederick to see. It is a wonderful work of the goldsmith's art, and it is a curiosity from the printing point of view.

No doubt some of the knights of rueful countenance who after Monday next will be receiving back their pictures from the Academy will buoy up their spirits a little by that eternal springing hope. For there is Manchester still to fall back upon, and it is known that all receipts over expenditure connected with the exhibition, and £2000 besides, will be available for the committee to spend on acquiring paintings for the permanent collection. The show will open on Sept. 4. Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., is to be largely responsible for the hanging. His own clever

no other examples. Mr. Francis Palgrave gives the "Holy Family" by the French painter E. le Sueur, and Mr. Fowell Buxton presents a "Portrait of a Lady" by the Dutch painter of portraits, Jan van Ravesteijn. Neither work is of the best of either man, but the Ravesteijn, at any rate, it is desirable to possess, for we have been too much in the habit of increasing the number of pictures by some of the old Dutch school, while other masters have been altogether ignored. A third of this year's acquisitions are Dutch or Flemish, two are French, eleven British, the rest Italian, and a marble sculpture, "The Dying Gladiator."

It is nine years since Antwerp had a general exhibition. The one now being held is in all ways larger and more comprehensive than the last—particularly in the Fine Arts division. The building in which the Exposition Universelle des Beaux-Arts is arranged is

reason of the respective painters being of note, but with one or two exceptions they have not sent of their very best. Of these Mr. Henry Moore is first, as "Hove-to for a Pilot" exemplifies his own special, if limited, gifts at their highest. Mr. Alma-Tadema is seen only with a portrait and a tiny interior—a nook of his own studio—while Sir John Millais is even less complimentary to himself by allowing "The Last Rose of Summer" and an unnotable landscape to speak of his talent. Sir Frederick Leighton is more true to his repute, and has sent "The Garden of the Hesperides" and "Rispa." Only two other Academicians (Mr. Oulless and Mr. Riviere) and four Associates (Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Swan, Mr. Macbeth, and Mr. Boughton) are found at Antwerp; but among clever rising artists who are without the pale of Burlington House are Mr. Austen Brown, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. John Collier, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Lavery, Mr. W. Stott, Mr. Tuke, and Prince Troubetskoy.



SECOND-CLASS CRUISER: "TALENT" CLASS.

FIRST-CLASS CRUISER: "POWERFUL"—"TERRIBLE" CLASS.

FIRST-CLASS TORPEDO CATCHER: "HALSTON" CLASS.

FIRST-CLASS TORPEDO BOAT.

SHIPS OF WAR BUILDING UNDER THE NEW PROGRAMME.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

It happened that day that I was very short of money—not an unusual circumstance, but most provoking towards the fag end of the week, when only a few hours intervened between scarcity and the plenty which was due from various quarters on Saturday morning. Oh, that blessed Saturday! There was a time when I used to wax rhapsodical over my morning letters, particularly those which began something like this: "Owing to the absence of any article from you this week, and the consequent increase in the circulation of the paper, I have great pleasure in sending you a cheque for"—well, some unimaginable sum. But I have grown quite used to this method of doing business now, and it moves me to ecstasy no more.

But on this particular day—it was Friday—I was very hard up indeed: there was not enough to pay even for the biscuit and the pint of cider which serve for the greater part of my daily refreshment. What was to be done? Borrow? Take a turn at a crossing with a broom? Invite myself to dine with a friend? None of these expedients suited my humour. Suddenly I smote my thigh—it is good to smite your thigh when you get an

"Sir," he replied very stiffly, "this is a civic office for the advance by the County Council of small loans to deserving citizens in temporary distress."

"All right," I said, "I'm your man."

"On safe security," he added, glancing severely at my property.

"Safe!" I exclaimed, opening the *Contemporary*. "What do you say to this? Here's an article by Robert Donald cracking up your very concern."

"Hum!" I am not sure that to advance money on this would be a transaction which would bear analysis in the evening papers. They might say it was bribery, or even—er—corruption."

"Well, then, here is Sir George Grey on the federation of the Anglo-Saxon race—the Parliament of man, you know, and the battle-flag is furled. How much on this article?"

"Do you want to borrow on each separate paper?"

"To be sure," I said, catching at so promising a suggestion. "Shall we say sixpence, a humble tanner, for Sir George and Merry England?"

"I am afraid," responded the official gravely, "that the County Council cannot lend on battle-flags. Even when

animation he had yet exhibited. "Do you suppose a Municipal Pawnshop can encourage such a principle as that? Why, your offspring might come here, and say they had an hereditary right to borrow public money because you did!"

"And they would be quite right," I retorted. "Look you, now, I am getting a little tired of this Pawnshop. I had rather trust myself with Britannia metal to a pawnbroker of the good old sort. Here's H. H. Johnston, in the *Fortnightly*, praising the Boers and pooh-poohing the Aborigines Protection Society. Not a copper for him? Well, there's a writer in *Blackwood* who tells you that Barrie's Scotch isn't Scotch at all, but only a dialect."

"Hoots, mon!" broke in the official, in great agitation. "Tak' care! I'm a Scotchman mysel'!"

"I might have known it! Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled have been bleeding the Southron ever since. And to think that even in a Cockney Pawnshop I canna get my ain bawbees—Oh, confound your dialect, it's catching! Here now, I'll give you another Scotchman, though heaven be praised that he writes sterling English! It's Robert Louis Stevenson in the *Ivory* on his first book, 'Treasure Island,' which I'll wager you never read."



FRIEDRICHSHOF, NEAR HOMBURG, THE NEW RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.
From a Drawing by Count Seckendorf.

inspiration. "I have it! The Municipal Pawnshops are opened to-day. I will take some valuables and raise the wind with them."

Yes, but what valuables? There are various kinds of pride. Mine is not unlike that of Hamlet's father. He would not let the winds of heaven visit his wife's face too roughly. Well, my pride would not let the wind of the pawnshop whistle through my wardrobe. If I had to raise a breeze it should not be with my shirt.

Then came a brilliant idea. I had looked through the month's reviews according to my wont. They had cost me nothing, having come to me from a philanthropic editor. Anything I could get for them would be sheer profit. Next to the satisfaction of walking into a Municipal Pawnshop with head erect, as of a citizen performing a public duty, was the comfortable feeling that I was pawning something respectable, something that need not be extracted furtively from a bag and hurriedly pushed over a counter, like a paper collar, for example; though, to be sure, most periodical writing is almost as ephemeral.

Well, I stepped boldly into the Municipal Pawnshop—a handsome building on the site of a late lamented fountain in Piccadilly Circus—and spreading my magazines ostentatiously before me (to the great inconvenience of a duke, who had brought his family plate in a hamper, and had death duties written in every line of his Norman features), I said jocularly to a dignified official, "Good morning; I suppose this is the sign of the Three Brass Balls?"

furled, they are incompatible with progressive ideas of municipal righteousness."

"Oh, very well. What do you say to Andrew Lang on Professor Huxley and the Witch of Endor, with Joan of Arc thrown in? Joan and the Witch!—perhaps I should say the Sisters Endor in their celebrated ventriloquial entertainment?"

"I am afraid not. The County Council does not believe in spiritualism, and dislikes music-halls."

"But surely you can't resist Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* on 'Heresy and Schism.' And there's Mr. Whibley, who says art and literature are not for the People, and that University Extension lecturers deliver penny readings to housemaids who cannot learn Greek. Then Le Gallienne on the immortality of the soul—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the official, "we do not want to increase our stock of unredeemed pledges."

"Come now, I offer you H. D. Traill in the *National Review* as an incorrigible humorist. What do you think? The satirical rogue makes a peer suggest in a dialogue that the Lords are more elective than hereditary, and the Commons more hereditary than elective. It is the best defence of the hereditary principle I ever read. Many an M.P. is chosen simply because he has inherited commercial influence, or the art of 'nursing' a constituency. Don't you see that the whole political system is hereditary, for we should not have votes at all if we had never been born?"

"Good gracious, Sir," said the official, with the first

"Civic duty, Sir, has no time for romance," said the official coldly. "I was brought up on Blue Books."

"Then," I cried in sheer desperation, "will you take Arnold White in *Cassell's*? He wants somebody to invent 'a barrel-organ that shall give the effect of Joachim on his Strad.'"

The official smiled and rubbed his hands. "An excellent proposal! A most suitable instrument for a County Council band! Yes, on that I will advance you a penny."

It was thus that I lunched on a biscuit without the cider.

L. F. AUSTIN.

SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF.

The mansion lately completed for the residence of her Majesty the German Empress Frederick, Princess Royal of Great Britain, is situated in the vicinity of Homburg, on the Cronberg, in the Taunus mountain district, well known to summer tourists and frequenters of the favourite health-resorts in that region. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is to be the guest of her Imperial Majesty, his sister, at Friedrichshof, and many English families of rank and distinction are likely to be at Homburg this season. We are indebted to Count Seckendorf for the drawing which furnishes a view of the Schloss erected for the Empress Frederick, and named in memory of her lamented husband.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON: WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

Is there any lesson in human patience so thorough as that of waiting for a train? Does any other experience allay the skipping spirit, chasten the blood, reduce the nerves to calm, and the soul of man, woman, or child to resignation in anything like the same degree? If time and tide wait for no man, the train is equally inexorable. It comes at the bidding of none; it is superior to time-tables, and it loves to exercise its supremacy especially on a public holiday. In the early days of steam there



"Necessitas non habet legem."

may have been impetuous persons who stamped up and down the platform, heaping semi-articulate imprecations on the tardiness of "excursions" and the vagueness of officials. The elusiveness of an Under-Secretary of State when awkward questions are asked in the House is blunt candour and overflowing information compared with the diplomacy of a railway official who is asked a dozen times a minute why the train is late. He is like the schoolboy in



In the Refreshment-Room.

expectation. Their real selves are absent for a while, hovering invisibly around them, not to be made flesh till the train has started and native independence asserts itself again. In the meantime, look at the girl

girl was bounding with high spirits. Now she is a picture of cold impartiality, like the classical figure of Justice. She has weighed the cup of tea and the cake in the scales of judgment, and has no violent opinion about either. Then there is the old gentleman with a bag and a shawl, the very image of sublime contemplation of destiny. The lady at the booking-office who is



"You are requested to examine your change."

counting her change is doing it automatically; and the old-fashioned citizen at the bookstall is scanning the titles of those volumes without the ghost of an inkling about anything under the sun. The bucolic worthy with the head of his stick in his mouth is a permanent type of calm, intensified, not to say petrified, by his local conditions; and the youth who is seeing his young woman off with the



At the Bookstall.

our Artist has drawn, sitting over the refreshment-room Rohea, in a cup which has the solidity of a rampart, and with a cake which has reposed under a glass shade from time immemorial. Before she reached the station that



Third Class.

Calverley, who, when asked what twice two were, or three times seven, would glance—

From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And smile, and gaze politely round
To catch a casual suggestion,
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

Long trial of this professional manner taught the public that impatience and impetuosity at a railway-station were, to put it in the vernacular, "no go"; and so we have come to this, that the most domineering man, the most impulsive woman, the most exacting infant are changed mortals when they have passed the booking-office. They assume one universal pattern of quiet, not to say stolid,



In the Waiting-Room.

flowers, is evidently incredulous of her departure. She is in the train, it is true, but his countenance expresses absolute disbelief that it will start for a year or two. The crowning example of subdued human nature is the small boy submitting to have his nose regulated by sanitary necessity. At any other time and in any other place he would protest vigorously. You can tell that by the twinkle in his eye. But such is the depression of his environment that he yields to the maternal mandate without a word. Railways have done much for mankind; but only the philosopher knows that every station is a moral strait-waistcoat.



"Good-bye."

"NOT MODERN AT ALL."

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Wits jump," according to the proverb, and though, perhaps, the dramatic critic of the *Athenæum* and I are not exactly "wits," while, as to jumping, it is no longer of our age, still *nos esprits se rencontrent*. I had been reading Miss Hunt's powerful satire on the fashionable middle classes, "*The Maiden's Progress*,"* had observed the heroine's nickname of "Moderna," and had decided that the young lady was, by no means modern, but of all time—"a very, very woman." Then I picked up the *Athenæum* for July 21, with a review of "*La Femme de Claude*," and of the preface by the Dumas who has not inherited his immortal father's sense of humour. M. Dumas runs on about the modern female. She holds, it seems, a vase "full of the abominations of Babylon," of an island celebrated in heroic times for the unfortunate adventure of Pisidice and Achilles, and of a city now submerged, which I wish that Mr. Flinders Petrie would investigate in a diving-bell. The archaeological exploration of the Dead Sea should be achieved as soon as possible. Now, if the Modern Woman has to go to Babylon and the other ancient sites for her abominations, why, plainly, she is rather a specimen of revival and survival in culture than of anything especially novel. This circumstance has not escaped the gentleman in the *Athenæum*. His words ought to be printed in letters of gold. But the management of *The Illustrated London News* may shrink from bringing out an edition on vellum, with the citation in that suitable but expensive medium. However, we may put the remark in italics: "*The truth is that the women of the so-called modern type are not modern at all.*" I should rather think not. Did you ever hear of the complicated affair of Phoenix, his father, and the rest of the characters in that deplorable business? It is in the "*Iliad*," Book ix. Even Mr. Leaf will hardly date it after the eighth century B.C. Is it modern enough? Ibsen would revel in it; Zola would work it up into a volume. Nothing more passionately squalid, nothing so well deserving the praise of being "very curious and disgusting" has been invented or recorded by the leading wits of modern France. Their timid, self-conscious English imitators, with one eye on "Art" and one on Mr. Mudie, dare not approach a theme so fascinatingly odious. But it does not seem to interest Homer much, and the barbarian goes on to describe, with infinite relish, some disgusting scenes of slaughter

that make a moral realist unwell. However, there, in that casual Homeric anecdote, we find a whole modern realistic novel, and two women as modern as the "*Femme de Claude*." Modern, indeed! Talk to me of the "*Femme de Prætus*" or the "*Femme de Putiphar*": it is always the same old story. Concerning Delilah, as the *Athenæum* goes on, "Milton has left little to be said."

About the young women, the revolting daughters, the Dodos, the Superfluous Women, the Yellow Asters, and all the sort of them, the same observations hold good. Does my generation actually imagine that there never were any fast, foolish spinsters before, or that minxes are a recent flower of evolution? Very likely my

one finds women of the most modern variety wherever one opens ancient chronicles, especially scandalous chronicles. Douce Edinburgh, in the last century, abounded in Dodos.

Then why do people talk of *modernité* in connection with reckless flirts and fast female pedants? Merely because people do not know any better. There was a respectable generation in England, thanks in great part to the royal lady on the throne. Probably a very rapid consultation of ancient knights and dames would prove even that generation not to have been so staid as it now seems. But there were, for a blessed space of some thirty years, no Society papers, and the professional classes did not know what was going on. Now, for sixpence weekly, they are

as gods, knowing good and evil. Consequently, they are astonished by emancipated audacities, and conceive that here is some new thing. The only new thing is the unblushing publicity of it all, and the loving, scientific, psychological, analytical care with which these matters are treated by literary hands. There is a good deal of fresh contemporary vulgarity, too, such as might have sickened the Chevalier de Grammont: and there is a want of wit that would have revolted Sedley and Wilmot. A *souffron* of popular science and of Darwinism at twentieth hand adds a twang of pedantry to the other attractions of the Modern Woman—of the wrong sort. But, *au fond*, she is as old as human nature. Eve was the first Modern Woman.



A QUIET NOOK.

A QUIET NOOK.

Few more delightful ways of keeping holiday exist than by lazily lounging in a boat, forgetting for a time the swift stream of life which rushes past us all the rest of the year. The young lady depicted by Mr. Yeend King seems only to lack companionship to make the scene idyllic, but perhaps she is learning the arts and graces of the

generation does think so; it is a generation remarkable for its ignorance of history and literature. It does not read the *Spectator* (Addison's) and never heard of the Picts. It has not perused Grammont, whose inviting and candid memoirs may be called the School for Minxes. The nicest of them all was Miss Stuart—*la belle Stuart*—whose innocent vanity led her into such very modern byways. There are other memoirs of the Valois Court, to which I am not ambitious of drawing the attention of Dodo and Co. But at school they may have vaguely heard of the Queen Mother, and of her flying squadron. They were excessively modern, or rather, "women of the so-called modern type" have not caught them up yet, are not advanced and emancipated enough, and, one hopes, never will be. For the mother of Edward III. consult Froissart. Gray calls her a "she-wolf of France," but Froissart found her "*très belle dame, féminine et doucement enlangagée*." In fact,

swan, in order that in society she may reflect the charming ease of its progress. The entire absence of convention, which fast binds most people for the greater part of their lives, gives additional piquancy to a holiday on the water; and there is no more charming frame to a pretty portrait than that which the green foliage on the river-side lends to a lovely face. We are discovering that in holidays, as in other recreations, the simplest are the best; the boat which holds a merry crew is preferable to the Pullman car with its crowd of tourists. The talented author of "*Corinne*" was right in the dictum that "one of the saddest joys of life is travel," especially that lady dash from place to place which leaves on the memory only a blurred vision. Far more restful is such a quiet nook as is here shown, especially if to it is added "a pleasant look" with which to beguile the winged hours.

* *The Maiden's Progress*, by Violet Hunt (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)



LONDON SKETCHES.—THE LADIES' MILE, HYDE PARK: THE LAST RIDE OF THE SEASON.

"THE TWELFTH."

Of different ways of considering the red grouse, the chiefest at this moment is as a social institution. In the months gone by, in the spring and the early summer, when the birds were nesting or the young brood was running the gauntlet of enemies innumerable, the grouse was an enticing study for the naturalist. For a week or two hereafter it will be the object of the desire of hundreds of sportsmen; and these weeks will be to lairds and factors and agents the only time of respite from anxieties concerning the birds which weigh upon their minds at all other seasons of the year. But on the eve of "The Twelfth" the red grouse commands the interest of many besides sportsmen and naturalists, and those who traffic in shootings. In the round of fashion, the moor has its fixed place like Ascot and Henley and Cowes, and the house-party in November, and to all those who follow Fashion's calendar the opening of the shooting season is a red-letter event. Besides these, there is a whole population to whom

this we have only to compare the methods and conditions of grouse-shooting now with those of the time when, say, St. John wrote. He tells us that his taste did not incline to big bags; that his satisfaction lay in a moderate quantity of birds got on a wild range of hills with a single brace of dogs. But the Sybaritic practice which he contrasts with his own was not "driving," a science unknown in his day, but the shooting over a beat laid out for the sportsman, with relays of dogs and keepers, and all the means of killing the grouse on easy walking-ground. In his day most of the shooting was done by the owner and his family. Persons of "quality" might be asked to join them, or even a civil stranger. Highland poachers—like Ronald, St. John's "bonnie lad"—took toll of the moors in a gentlemanly fashion, keeping to the outskirts for a consideration if it were accompanied by a friendly word. Now all that is changed. The social value of the grouse has affected the sporting value; and it has given a new interest to the bird in the eyes of the naturalist. For its conditions have changed. To preserve the moors—to "peckle" them, as the Frenchman said in

which played havoc on the moors, and on the high-lying, exposed moors especially. As to the amount of the damage done, reports differ. We are told that on certain of the higher moors there is to be little or no shooting; the keepers on others, so it is said, are hopeful of giving the guns sport quite equal to that of last year. The low-lying grounds, again, while they escaped the full effects of these days of storm, and, perhaps, benefited by the migration of birds driven from the high lands, were not quite untouched. It seems safe to say, however, that bags on them will be fair at least, and that sport on the high moors will be moderate only. That is the inference from the reports that come from the moors; it must be remembered, however, that experience does not lead one to place implicit faith in such reports. Any review of the season so far is imperfect which does not make mention of the shyness of tenants in renting moors. The agents have found the large ones especially go very slowly off their hands. In consequence, many rentals have been reduced; and most people will agree that for long Highland shootings have had an absurdly inflated value.



NAVAL RECRUITING.

Owing to the dearth of men in the Navy, H.M.S. "Northampton" has been commissioned to go round the coast of the United Kingdom as a recruiting ship, with a big band and other allurements.

the social distinction of "The Twelfth" is of immense importance. The Highlanders look upon grouse-shooting as their harvest, by which they must make provision for the year. They benefit by the letting of the moors; but they benefit still more by the residence of the shooting tenants among them. Did the lessees come north for the shooting only, unaccompanied by their families and servants, and not on entertaining thoughts intent, the wages paid to gillies and "drivers" would still be a substantial increase of the income derived from the normal occupations of the natives. But there would be left the pinch of poverty which is relieved greatly by the outlay of money to which social obligations compel. And so the Highlander, like the rest of the world, has come to regard "The Twelfth" as chiefly a social affair.

It is interesting to notice how this social value of the grouse, the latest to be developed, has affected all the others. It has created a demand for shootings which has rushed up their rentals, until now these barren wildernesses return to their owners richer revenues than if they had been fruitful plains. Of the half a million derived from sporting rentals in Scotland, a very large proportion must be due to the moor-fowl. Besides increasing thus the economic value of the grouse, this demand has incited landlords to the manufacture of a supply which has affected its sporting value. To see

Colquhoun's amusing story—it was evident that you must kill down the vermin. When that was done, it seemed as if the worst enemies of the bird had been done away with. But those who thought so had not reckoned with grouse-disease. In view of the controversy on this subject, few will be so bold as to offer a definite opinion gratuitously: *we* are not. It cannot be denied, however, that experience lends some weight to the contention that disease is associated with over-crowding. Now, not only does the preserving of the moors lead to increased stocks, but "driving" has a similar effect. And for an evident reason: in "driving" it is the old birds which, as a rule, come to the guns, as in walking-up the birds it is the "cheepers" which remain for them. The demonstration is not fantastical which points out changes all along the line resulting from the comparatively newly won social distinction of the grouse.

We may turn from the general to look at the particular of the present season. With the event so very close at hand it would be more than usually rash to prophesy. But upon certain things there is no divided opinion among those who ought to know. It was an excellent winter for the birds, and they came through it well. They paired well, and it seemed as if the weather were to favour the young broods. About the middle of May, however, came a week of snowstorms, and biting cold winds and frosts,

THE NAVAL RECRUITING-SHIP.

The Lords of the Admiralty have established what is officially termed a "sea-going training-ship," H.M.S. "Northampton," commanded by Captain Niblett, to visit the seaports of the United Kingdom for the purpose of recruiting strong active youths, not over eighteen years of age or below sixteen and nine months, to enlist in the Royal Navy. This ship, on July 24, left Portsmouth for the principal ports of the West of England and the South of Ireland, with a crew of 288 men, including the officers. When lying in harbour, she will be distinguished by large streamer-flags at the mast-heads, and a powerful brass band on board will often make the shores resound with inviting music. The young fellows accepted, with the consent of their parents or guardians, will sign an agreement to serve twelve years from the completion of their six months' training, after which they will be rated as ordinary seamen. They must be not under 5 ft. 3 in. of stature, and measure 32½ in. round the chest, and they must be able to read and write. Entering, at first, as second-class boys, they will be rated first class after three months, if their conduct is good, and will have equal privileges and prospects of pension with other boys received at the stationary training-ships. We hope the "Northampton" will make a successful cruise.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In common, doubtless, with thousands of my readers, I was deeply interested in the account given of an experiment lately carried out in the telegraph-system between Dover and London, on an invention of Professor Gray, of New York, called the telautograph. By aid of this apparatus an exact reproduction is made, at the receiving centre, of the handwriting of the person sending the message. The characters of the writing were reproduced on the occasion referred to in a highly satisfactory manner; different handwritings being accurately transmitted, with all the peculiarities of thick and thin strokes, and the like. It is added that the "t's" were crossed and the "i's" dotted with perfect precision. The telautograph works automatically, and is thus on the line of a mechanism not liable to make mistakes. The distance over which the experiments were conducted was eighty-three miles, so that these trials form a record-test of the applicability of the invention to long-distance telegraphy. It is clear the invention of Professor Gray will not necessarily limit its powers and achievements to the transmission of caligraphy only. Sketches in outline, at least, can be thus forwarded, I understand; so that a clever artist may be able to reproduce say, in the office of a journal, a tolerably full picture of an event which a special correspondent has "telautographed" to him in bare detail.

I observe that we are to have the Bertillon method of identifying criminals introduced into British police practice. This method depends, as most of my readers know, on accurate anthropometrical measurements of the human body, whereby the slightest peculiarity is duly noted and registered and a sum total of points produced for the individual, such as belongs to no other person. The Paris practice of the Bertillon method has been fraught with the most satisfactory results in the way of identification, and the new Anthropometric Office which the Home Secretary has resolved to institute has so far become an actuality that its superintendent has been appointed in the person of Dr. John G. Garson, whose contributions to anatomical and physiological science are well known to every student. It seems that a committee sat on the question of the introduction of the Bertillon method into this country, and it was on the favourable report of that committee that Mr. Asquith decided to adopt the system in question. It will be part of Dr. Garson's duty to instruct his subordinates in the work of taking the measurements on which the evidence of identification is chiefly founded, and this alone will constitute a task of no ordinary difficulty, seeing that strict care and accuracy have to be employed throughout the whole process. This is another instance of the constant and increasing applications of science to mundane things—if the identification of criminals can be regarded in the light of the latter appellation.

Some time ago I tried to explain to my readers the ideas I have long entertained concerning the relations of pain in man and in lower animals. It may be recollected that I started with the assumption that human pain was *sui generis*, because of the enormously developed nervous system of man, added to which we had a mental element practically wanting in lower life. The pain of lower existence, I argued, could not be compared with human pangs, and this, I said, was to me personally a source of some comfort; since it meant that while the pain of animals was certainly a reality, it logically fell far behind our own pangs in extent and nature. In this light, one came to see that there might be less pain existent in the world than one was given habitually to imagine. Instances were not wanting to show the reality of the inferences I had drawn. The absence of nervous shock in animals, their apparent neglect of very severe injuries, their recovery from accidents sufficient, apparently, to have ended life, and their quick forgetfulness of pain, all tended to make one reflect that there are no pains like our own, simply because our nervous development is finer and our consciousness keener than that of lower life.

That my views are, I think, fairly reasonable, is a notion also supported by the well-known fact that different persons feel pain in very varying degrees. One man remains stolid beneath a raging toothache, which renders his neighbour *hors de combat* at once. One person cheerfully suffers the pain of an operation which to his neighbour is fraught with absolute torture. Taking animals all round, I hold that they are relatively insensible to pain, which to man means much soreness and shock. My study of animals has led me to believe that pain with them, too, is largely transitory in its nature. If you thrash a young dog fairly severely, to correct him, say, of a habit of gnawing the furniture, he will sit down, lick his stripes, remain quiet for a minute or two, and then, forgetting all, go back to commit his crime anew. Here, I say, the pain and shock are not merely not experienced in human proportions at all, but are transitory in their nature entirely. Going back to my original contention, it all ends in the idea that to suffer human pain you need a human nervous system. To go behind this doctrine seems to me logically impossible—the letters of irate lady-correspondents and of other foolish persons notwithstanding.

I experienced the satisfaction one always feels in having one's views supported when I read Professor Penberthy's statements recently made at the London meeting of the National Veterinary Association. He stated as a veterinary expert that we could not measure the effects of pain on lower life by a human standard. Exactly; this is what I have always contended for. Professor Penberthy goes the length of saying that intellectual pain in man must be infinitely more grievous than that in animals naturally resulting in motion such as the flight of a hare or fox; and as pain depends largely in us on the power of realisation of ideas, it is clear human intensity here goes far ahead of anything lower life can experience. The end of the matter is, to me at least, a gratifying one. I may be mistaken of course (it is only the irate correspondent who is infallible alike in facts and criticism), but I do derive pleasure from thinking that, after all, the world is not quite so full of sighings and groanings (in lower life) as people have been given to suppose.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

M GUNN.—The diagram is too crowded with pieces, and not up to our standard in point of merit.
J E GORE.—Will you kindly describe your amended problem on a diagram?
Dr F ST.—(1) Very glad to hear from you again. (2) The problem shall be examined. (3) Yes.
A SOLVER.—We have forwarded your letter to the composer, from whom some explanation will doubtless be forthcoming.
F R (Worcester).—Thanks for the slip, which we shall be glad to receive whenever convenient to you.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2623 received from A Church and L Anderson; of No. 2624 from Twa Scots, W D, T Roberts, and L Anderson; of No. 2625 from J E Gore, J Hogan (Kennitty), Captain J A Challice, W D (Lennoxtown, N.B.), A Church, J Bailey (Newark), E C Weatherley, W H S (Peterborough), E Loudon, J McRobert (Crossgar), W E Thompson, H H (Peterborough), and G Allen.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2626 received from Shadforth, H S Brandreth, J Hall, J S Martin (Kidderminster), H S Pearce (Tavistock), Ubique, W Wright, M Burke, Martin F, J J J (Frampton), E Loudon, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), En Passant, W Mackenzie, J D Tucker (Leeds), J W Scott (Newark), W R Raille, R Worters (Canterbury), Dawn, W P Hind, Howich, Alpha, M Gunn, O Green, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Dr F St, E E H, J Ross (Whitley), R Wolff, R H Brooks, H B Hurford, F J Candy (Norwood), G Joicey, Sorrento, H E Lea (Worthing), L Anderson, Hereward, J Roberts (Kingswood), E J Sharpe (Clapton), T Roberts (Hackney), L Desanges, C G Stevens (Lincoln), Twa Scots, Julian Hott (Bromley), Admiral Brandreth, and Meursius (Brussels).

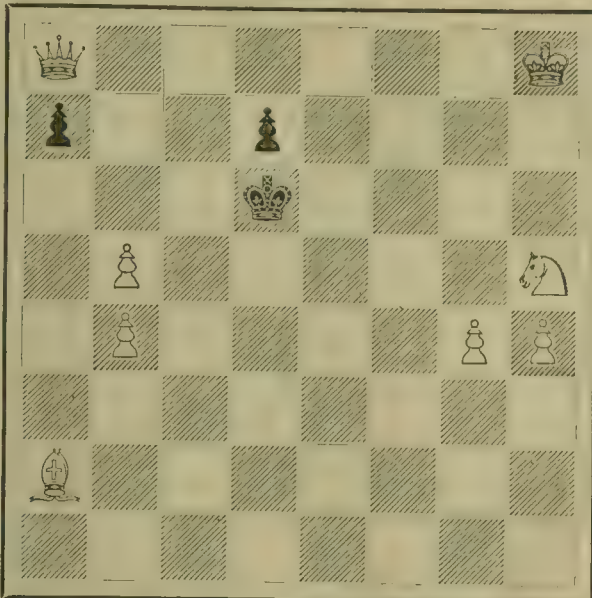
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2625.—By P. G. L. F.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 6th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2628.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the Scottish Chess Association Tourney, between Mr. D. FORSYTH and Mr. SHERIFF SPENS.
(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	13.	Kt to K 5th
2. P takes P	Q takes P	14. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K 4th (ch)	15. Q to Q 4th	P to B 4th
4. B to K 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	16. P takes P	B takes B P
To make an escape for the Queen, which it will be seen was throughout the game well posted at Q B 2nd.			
5. P to Q 4th	Q to B 2nd	17.	P to Q 6th
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th	There is a complication here, but Black is not to be tempted by the unsound chance of B takes Q.	
7. B to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	17.	R takes P
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd	18. Q takes K Kt P	Q R to Q sq
9. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	19. Q to K R 6th	Q R to Kt sq
Black plays with boldness in thus developing his Queen's side preparatory to casting on that wing.			
10. P to K R 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	20. P to K R 4th	R to Kt 3rd
11. K R to K sq	Castles (Q R)	21. Q to R 4th	B takes B
12. P to Q 5th		22. P takes B	R to R 3rd
This bold bid for attack deserved a better fate than actually attended it. White aims at B takes R P.			
12.	K to Q B 4th	Of many interesting points, this move is the finest in this pretty game. Black wins at once in all variations. If Q takes R, White is mated in two moves by Q to Kt 6th (ch), &c.	
13. P to Q Kt 4th		23. P takes B	R takes Q
We imagine this was a miscalculation, as Black now comes in with a strong attacking move.			
13. P to Q Kt 4th		24. Kt takes R	Q to Kt 6th (ch)
		25. Kt to Kt 2nd	R to Kt sq
		26. B to B sq	Kt to Q 7th
			Black wins.

CHESS IN HAVANA.

Game played between Señor VASQUEZ and Mr. F. J. LEE.
(Tennison Gambit.)

WHITE (Señor V.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Señor V.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. P takes B	Q to B 6th
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	20. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	21. B to Q 4th	
This Gambit is the invention, it is said, of Mr. O. M. Tennison, New Orleans. The point here is that Black must not defend by P to K B 4th on account of B to Q B 4th, with many complications all in White's favour.			
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	21.	Q to Q 3rd
Black should surely make an effort to preserve the Pawn by B to K B 4th or B to Kt 5th.			
5. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd	22. B to K 5th	Q to K 2nd
6. K Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	23. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
7. Kt takes Kt	B to B 3rd	24. B to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
8. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	25. Q to R 5th	P to K 4th
9. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	26. R to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
10. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	27. Q to R 4th	Q to B sq
11. Kt to Kt 5th		28. Q R to K B sq	R to K 2nd
A sound sacrifice is here threatened by B takes K P or Kt takes B P.			
11.	B to Q 4th	29. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Kt 2nd
12. B to Kt 3rd	Castles	30. R to B 6th	R to Q sq
13. P to K B 4th	R to K sq	31. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th
14. B to Q 2nd	B takes B	32. B to Kt 4th	K R to Q 2nd
15. R P takes B	Q to Q 5th (ch.)	33. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 4th
16. B to K 3rd	Q takes Kt P	34. Q takes K P	R takes P
It is questionable whether this gain of a Pawn is really so good as appears on the surface; but it was a natural move.			
17. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 4th	35. Q takes P	R (at Q 6) to Q 2
18. B to B 2nd	B takes Kt	36. Q to K 5th	P to K R 4th
Better than B to Q Kt 5th, which would gain the B P only at the expense of			
Now White threatens R to B sq takes Kt, followed by R to Kt 6th, and wins. The game is pretty concluded by Señor Vasquez.			
37.	Q to R 2nd	37. R to B 3rd	Resigns
Q to R 8th (ch) is threatened, and there is no reasonable defence.			

We have received from Mr. J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds, a collection of the games of the Steinitz-Lasker match, with copious notes, diagrams, and critical remarks compiled and arranged by Mr. J. G. Cunningham. There is also a biographical sketch of each player, so that the work lacks nothing in completeness for those who want to keep a record of this famous contest.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is really getting commonplace for women to distinguish themselves highly in University examinations. A portrait given in this paper last week drew attention to the fact that Miss Margaret Gilchrist is eighth on the list, "with high commendation," out of the sixty-one graduates, as M.D., at the recent Glasgow University examination. Of course, most of the examinees were men, for it is the much less number of the lady students in every faculty that makes their success in these higher examinations so remarkable. It is remarkable also, indeed, because it is so singularly at variance with the ideas that were universal up to such a few years ago about the incapacity and disinclination of women for high intellectual effort. However, each year lately has brought so many proofs, both of the number of women who desire higher education and of their ability to hold their own with the other sex in it, that soon women's scholastic triumphs will cease to be noticed as anything at all out of the way. This acceptance of women's successes as commonplace will be the true recognition of their powers; for the very trumpeting abroad of any success of a woman as such is essentially an insult—it really means: "How amazing it is that this inferior creature has managed to achieve such a thing!" This, really, is what is meant when we celebrate the eighth on a list instead of the first seven—because the eighth is "only a woman." However, it is the constant repetition of the feat that dulls the wonder of it, by which alone we shall come to the better stage of feeling on the point.

When I saw at the large dress houses what a number of tailordresses were prepared for Goodwood, I thought it rather a pity; but the weather turned out so dull that those who were so provided must have been envied. Tailor dresses get variety from the silk and muslin vests and blouses that are considered quite right to wear under cloth coats. Thus a pale blue moiré fitting vest, cut low down, and showing a shirt of lawn embroidered along the frills of the front with blue washing silk, relieves a frock of brown tweed of a plain make. A daffodil soft silk blouse, with a jabot of real Duchesse point, is not considered out of keeping with a grey face cloth coat and skirt. White moiré revers turned back a black cloth coat, and revealed a loose-fronted black and white check silk blouse, trimmed down with white lace insertion laid over black ribbon; the skirt was black cloth, with wide bands of black and white silk from waist to knee, each decorated by a centre strap of the white insertion over plain black, ending in jet dingle-dangles. A chocolate tweed, with a faint blue line in it, had a bodice of blue soft silk accordion pleated, and over that a shoulder-cape of the chocolate cloth, a veritable shoulder-cape, showing the soft light bodice above the shoulder line. A black cloth, delicately worked on the skirt and the collar and revers of the coat with jet, had the coat made to hold to the figure by a single button closing it at the waist, and thence it opened rapidly to the throat, and showed a fitting vest of white piqué, which, in its turn, opened above the bust to give room for a stiff linen dickey and a white silk tie. A fine blue covert coating costume was made with revers to the coat, that met in narrow points at the waist and crossed over there, each buttoning on a big cut steel button at the opposite side of the waist; the vest shown was of palest yellow brocade, finished off with a jabot of yellowish old lace. Finally, among the tailor gowns, I will mention a stylish costume of grey tweed with a yellow line in it, the skirt trimmed in a panel down each side of the front with gimp covered with jet sequins, and raised at the sides—the dangling jet trimming continuing along the edge of the draping round to the back—over an underskirt of pale yellow faille française. The bodice was a long coat of the tweed, over a folded vest of the yellow faille, trimmed down with the jet sequin gimp.

Among the more characteristic Goodwood gowns (which are properly of the smart garden party order) were prepared the following: a French foulard with a stripe of blue and another stripe of white on which appeared blue moon-like spots, was made with a bodice of blue chiffon and a zouave of the fancy silk. A pretty fawn crépon was trimmed with a deep collar of green velvet, and the same trimming appeared as a simulated underskirt, while a narrow belt of green velvet edged the waist and terminated in sash-ends at the back. A pink crépon with a black moiré zouave was relieved by an elaborate embroidery of many-coloured beads on a white satin vest, and on a band of white satin that went round the skirt a few inches from the frills of the pink material that footed it. The collar and deep cuffs to the elbow were also of this embroidery-covered white satin, while the top of the sleeve was of the pink crépon tied round in two puffs with prettily folded straps of black moiré. A yellow bengaline, to be worn by a very young visitor to Goodwood, had a plain skirt with a band of black satin ribbon twisted round the waist and falling in long ends at the back; the bodice was of closely pleated yellow chiffon, with a yoke and cuffs of cream guipure over black satin, and puffs to the sleeve-top of yellow bengaline. A smart dress was of pale blue moiré, the skirt quite plain, the bodice plainly fitting the figure below but cut away at the bust, fastened up one side from waist-line to bust, with a band of jet embroidery along the edge, this ending at the bust under a black satin bow, while the space above was filled in with a yoke of pleated blue chiffon, and revers turned back over the shoulders of the blue moiré embroidered with jet. A gown of shot green and red silk with tiny green spots all over it had the bodice made without seams, pulled into the figure front and back under a narrow black satin belt, and trimmed down the centre, so as to conceal all fastenings, with a band of black lace insertion over cherry colour. Net and muslin over silks formed a great many of the best dresses, the most various effects being thus simply produced. A pale blue silk with a fine striped black net covering it everywhere, folded into the waist over the closely fitting under-bodice and just held in to the shape by crossway bands of black insertion over the yoke and round the waist-line, was a typical illustration. Perhaps the most beautiful dress was one in this style prepared for a lovely young Duchess: it was a water-green silk covered with the finest white silk muslin insertion strips, and alternating with these, strips of dainty Limerick lace, with bands of green satin ribbon for trimming.

SKETCHES IN COREA.

The war that has been suddenly commenced, on land and on sea, between the rival empires of China and Japan, for dominion or control over the peninsula which lies a few hundred miles to the east of the Gulf of Peking, and to the west of the island realm of the Mikado, whatever may be its naval and military victories for the one or the other of those two considerable rival Powers, will probably terminate the domestic independence of the feeble Korean nation. No one who is acquainted with the disposition of that unwarlike people seems to think it likely that the Koreans will fight on either side, unless it be under the compulsion of a foreign conqueror, but they must be alarmed and annoyed by this disturbance of their careless existence. They are genial and kind-hearted, but extremely lazy, and in this respect present a marked contrast to the restless Japanese and the industrious Chinese. Their pipes are over a yard long, and the people smoke from early childhood all day long, whatever work they are supposed to be doing. How they manage to support these huge pipes in their mouths is a mystery, as the leverage exerted is tremendous. It may be remarked that their clothes are not sewn together, but are glued at the seams with rice paste; for a Korean tailor would never be at the pains of stitching. Persons of the upper and middle classes wear a large conical black hat, which is transparent, being made of plaited horse-hair, of much the same texture as the seat of a cane-bottom chair, and plaited quite open. The beauty of this hat is that it excludes neither air, sun, nor rain. The people feed largely on crushed beans and bacon or fish. They dwell in huts or cabins built of hardened mud, and every family



ENTRANCE TO THE KING'S PALACE, SEOUL.



KOREAN OFFICIALS IN COURT DRESS.



HIGH KOREAN OFFICIAL AND CHILDREN.



KI-SANG, OR KOREAN DANCING WOMEN.

keeps a pig. The Buddhist priests are forbidden, on pain of death, to enter Seoul, owing to their once having stirred up a rebellion in that city. Only a small proportion of the people are Buddhists. This religion, as practised in Korea, is of a very debased type. The lower orders of the people, with the exception of those who are Buddhists, believe only in the powers of evil, and have no conception of a beneficent deity. The devils are supposed by them to inhabit certain withered trees; and in order to propitiate them, passers-by throw stones at the tree, or tie pieces of coloured rag to its branches, and, when in trouble, they place offerings of rice and wine in a little house put up at the foot of the tree. The "Ki-Sang," or Korean dancing-women, are usually the wives of Court retainers, and are employed to amuse the guests at official dinners. In Korean dancing, the feet are scarcely moved at all, the body swaying to the music. This dancing is not ungraceful, and closely resembles that of the Japanese. The Court dress of an official personage of high rank is rather costly. The badges in the front of the robes are of fine embroidery, very dark blue in colour, and are made of thick silk gauze. The most curious part of this Court dress is the belt, which stands out two inches from the body all round, and is supported by tags made of wood, covered with leather, and ornamented with tortoiseshell, jade, or gems, according to the owner's dignity. The hat is of camel's-wool felt, and is surmounted by red and blue feathers and a button of the appropriate colour. The chin-strap is composed of jade beads, and is made a great deal too loose. Koreans have the habit of going about with their mouths open in order to keep their hats on. The Korean army, except the palace guards at Seoul, has only swords and bows and arrows, and is of no account as a military force. It is to enforce certain demands of administrative reform in Korea that Japan has sent troops into that country, which act of intervention has been opposed by China as an infringement of some ancient Chinese claims of sovereignty, long practically in abeyance.

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"Suzette" in To-Day.

"Craig-y-Nos Castle, South Wales. April 21, 1894.

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NEW MUSIC.

Mlle. Chaminade's many admirers will like her charming "Barcarolle" duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone, and the sprightly, dainty little song "Captive Love," both of which have admirable English versions by Eugene Oudin. They are published by Enoch and Sons, from whom we have "Love and Summer," another of Frederic H. Cowen's efforts. The music is simple and gentle, and in every way fitted to Mary Rowles Jarvis's poetic lines. A sympathetic song is "Little Wideawake," the music of which is by A. H. Behrend and the words by Clifton Bingham. Louis Ganne's mazourka japonaise "La Mousmé" makes a quaint piece.

"At Sundown," by Clifton Bingham and Milton Wellings, lacks variety; but "Sir Ronald's Ride," by Shapcott Wensley and Joseph L. Roedel, is composed with character and spirit. Gerald Lane's music to his own words, "My heart and thine," is tuneful and engaging, and the refrain "Where and when I know not" is certain to please. In "The Welcome Home" C. Francis Lloyd has given us one more example of the "Daddy" style. The words are by Alfred H. Hyatt. These songs are all sent from W. Morley and Co., who are the publishers also of a good "Guitar Tutor" by A. Carli.

We have received from Ascherberg and Co. a Denza album of "Six Songs," which are pleasantly composed to words by F. E. Weatherly, Clifton Bingham, and other writers. Effective, too, are "Four Songs" by C. Paston Cooper, the best, perhaps, being one entitled "To Youth." The poems are by Vastöa. Raymond Rôzo is responsible for the music of a spirited "Bolero" setting of "Les Filles de Cadix." An engaging pianoforte piece is "La Danse des Étoiles" by J. M. Glover, and a taking melody is to be found in Daisy Sopwith's waltz, "La Frivolité."

Very good drawing-room compositions for pianoforte are those sent by Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt and Hatzfeld, Limited. These consist of a dashing "Polka burlesque" by Erik Meyer-Helmond; a rather difficult, well-written "Cosaque fantastique" by M. Stojowski, and a clever study entitled "On the River" by Cornelius Gurliitt.

Messrs. Phillips and Page have had the good fortune to secure the English rights of the only four manuscript songs left by the late Charles Gounod. They include the "Ave Maria" which was composed for and presented to his daughter on her birthday, and which is now issued in B flat with the original Latin words. The copy now before us contains the English version by Alfred Phillips, and has for title "The Cross of Calvary." Needless to speak of the wealth of musical beauty which lies in this and in the exquisitely tender song "When the children pray," words by Otway Thorpe. Both reveal the touch of the master's hand, the latter perhaps most of all.

From a bulky parcel of miscellaneous music we are forced to pick out only the best. First, taking the vocal pieces, we notice a beautiful setting of Scott's "Ave Maria," by Hamish MacCunn (with obligati-

for violin and organ), which will find favour with all who can appreciate a really fine song. The publishers of this and an attractive ditty by Alfred Stella, called "The Abbot of Dee," are Paterson and Sons. A. H. Behrend's gift of tuneful melody is well displayed in "Trust on," words by Arthur Chapman (G. F. Jefferys and Co.); and William M. Hutchison has written appropriate music to Hubi Newcombe's pretty poem "The Bell of St. Paul's" (Mathias and Strickland). Baritone will like "A Son of Mars," by A. Horspool and Theo. Bonheur (Ransford and Son), and "I dreamt that I was singing," by W. A. Howells, A.R.A.M. (H. Cooper and Co., Upper Street, N.) H. C. Campion's very pretty lines in "A Woodland Song," have been done full justice to by E. Roberts West (Akerman and Attwood, 7, Upper John Street, W.) An effective semi-sacred song is A. H. Behrend's "Mission of the Wind," words by Clifton Bingham (Edward Willis and Co.) E. M. Barber, L.R.A.M., has been very successful in a "Lullaby," and an artistic setting of Shelley's "Love's Philosophy" (Farmer and Co., Nottingham). A taking melody forms the chief characteristic of a song entitled, "By the Seaside," by Thomas Bowes (Frederick Pitman, Paternoster Row). "The Spinster," words by J. Hannon, B.A., music by Master T. X. Tanner (who publishes the song), has a merry commencement and a pathetic ending; it is cleverly written. Edith Farries is responsible for an attractive setting of lines by Charles D. Steele, entitled, "My Love in Dream-land" (the Bohemian Publishing Co.) There is merit in "Six Songs," by Cecil Forsyth (Marriott and Williams, Limited), and in an "Album of Songs," fourteen in number, by F. Boot (Oliver Ditson and Co., High Holborn). A pretty vocal minuet is E. Walker Hunter's "In the Olden Time," words by Clifton Bingham (Joseph Williams). The instrumental pieces include "Klänge aus Oesterreich," a brilliant fantasia for flute and piano by Ottomar Beckert (Rudall, Carte and Co.); a well arranged "Scale and Arpeggio Manual" for piano, by Dr. Charles E. Allum (Wickins and Co.); a charmingly written piece for piano entitled "The Vine-gatherer's Song" by Merton Clark (Kay and Co., Chancery Lane); a very good volume of exercises for "Steadiness and Flexibility of the Bow" by J. Jacques Haakman (Charles Woolhouse); a characteristic "Dance of Naiades" by John Francis Barnett (Edward Willis and Co.); "Trois Valses brillantes" for young pianoforte players, by Charles Neustedt (A. Hammond and Co., Vigo Street); a tuneful "Minuet in G" by Giuseppe Dinelli (Forsyth Brothers); a good "Zingari March" by A. C. Pargeter (C. Barth and Co.); some excellent "Studien-werke" for violin by Fiorillo, and an interesting "Album of Military Marches" for piano (Louis Oertel and Co., Berners Street); "Quatre Petit Morceaux" for violin by H. Kling (Laudy and Co.); "España," an attractive valse de concert for piano by Ivan Tchakoff (C. Jefferys and Son); "Elfinella," a bright caprice by Edouard Ronville (Willcocks and Co., Limited); "La Débutante" by Leonard Gautier (St. Cecilia Music Publishing Company, Limited); and "For Old Sake's Sake" by Caroline Lowthian (Francis Day and Hunter)—the two last being very agreeable waltzes.

OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES TEMPEST, BART.

Sir Charles Henry Tempest, Bart., died on Aug. 1 at Broughton Hall, Skipton-in-Craven, in the county of York. He was born in 1834, and was the eldest son of Mr. Henry Tempest, and grandson of Mr. Stephen Tempest of Broughton, an estate which came to the family through the marriage of Roger Tempest and Katherine, the daughter and heiress of Sir Piers Gilliot, in the early part of the fifteenth century. Sir Charles was created a Baronet July 30, 1866, having previously, in 1865, succeeded to the representation of the family on the death of his uncle, Sir Charles Robert Tempest, Bart., so created in 1841. He married twice—first, in 1862, to Cecilia Elizabeth Tichborne, daughter of Mr. John Washington Hibbert, of Bilton Grange, Warwickshire; secondly, in 1874, to Harriette, daughter of Captain Rowland Hill Gordon, a marriage which was dissolved in 1878. Sir Charles had one son by his first marriage, Mr. Henry Arthur Joseph Tempest, but he died without issue in 1891, and the baronetcy is consequently now extinct.

SIR GEORGE PRESCOTT, BART.

Sir George Rendlesham Prescott, Bart., on July 29, at his residence, 9, Clarges Street, London. He was the eldest son of Sir George William Prescott, Bart., who was grandson of the first Baronet, Sir George William Prescott, of Hardshaw Hall, in the county of Chester. Sir George, who was born in 1846, was at one time an officer in the 2nd Life Guards. He married, in 1872, Louise Franklin, daughter of Mr. Lionel Lawson, and had, with other issue, an eldest son, now Sir George Lionel Lawson Bagot Prescott, Bart., born in 1875.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London have been visiting Antwerp and the Belgian International Exhibition, and have been handsomely entertained in that city.

An experiment designed to aid in solving the mechanical problem of the flying machine was exhibited by Mr. Hiram Maxim, the constructor of machine-guns, on July 31, at Bexley, in Kent. On a line of temporary light railway, 1600 ft. long, timber horizontal rails were erected, parallel with the railway line, raised 2 ft. above the ground. Along the under surface of these rails, which form an inverted railway, the locomotive, driven by screw-propellers and sustained by four large sails at the sides, would run after rising from the rails laid on the ground. It was not intended to soar aloft into the air. The trial proved so far successful that the machine did rise from the ground and travel five hundred yards, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, while held in check by the upper rails. The engines have a lifting power of 10,000 lb. weight; the fuel used was gasoline.

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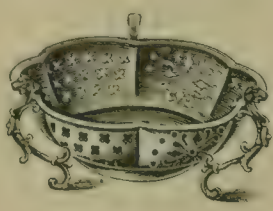
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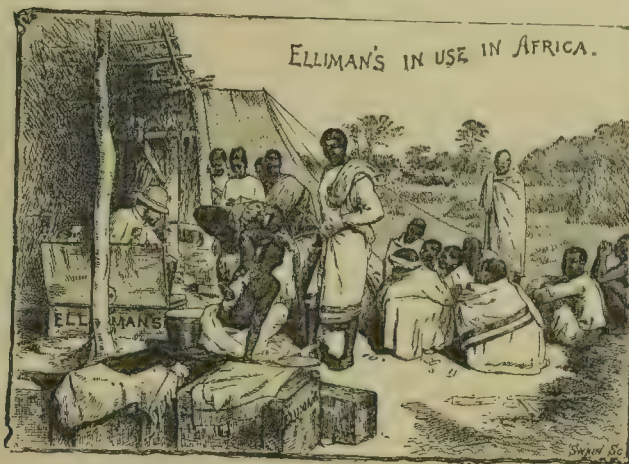
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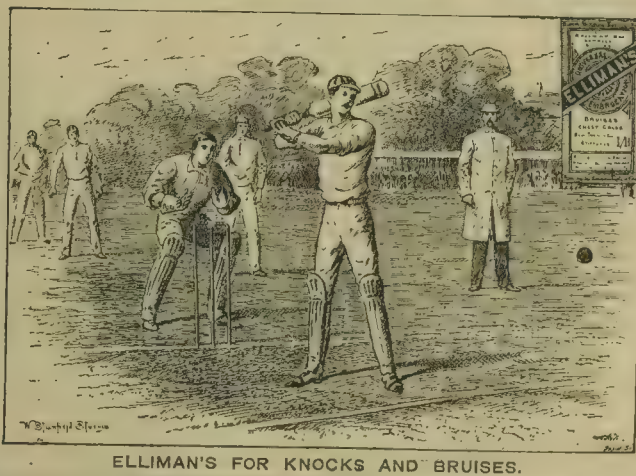
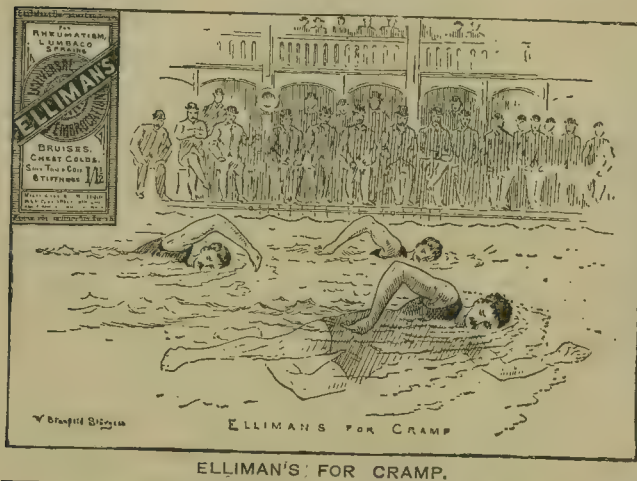
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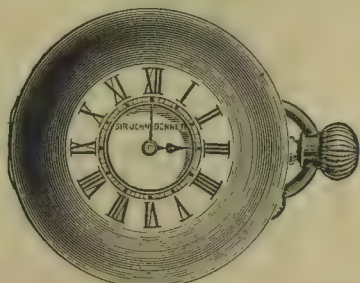
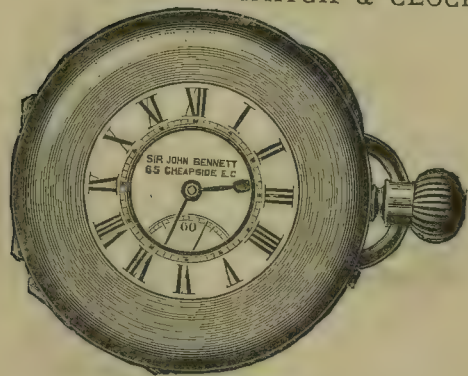
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1893) of Mrs. Sophia Augusta Tarlton, of 26, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on June 7, was proved on July 13 by Frederick Lucas Cook, and Wyndham Francis Cook, the nephews, and James Duke Hill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £100,000. The testatrix leaves her freehold property at Lyddington, Rutland, to Edwin Barclay Cook, of the Life Guards; all her jewellery to her niece, Helen Beatrice Langworthy; her silver and plated goods to her niece Eleanor Layard; £300 to the New Hospital for Women, Marylebone Road; £300 to the vicar of East Peckham, Kent, to be invested and the income applied in perpetuity for the benefit of St. Michael's National Schools in the said parish; £3000 each to her niece Emily Jane Sartorius and her great-nieces Edith Maud Gonne and Kathleen Mary Pilcher; and legacies to other of her relatives, godchildren, executors, footman, coachman, cook, and housemaid. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the daughters of her sister Mary Ann Gribble and the children of her brother Edwin Adolphus Cook in equal shares.

Probate and estate duties have been paid on £89,000 as the value of the personal estate of Miss Mary Hall McClean, late of 40, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. The will bears date Aug. 6, 1884, and there is a codicil dated Nov. 26, 1890.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1892) of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Austin Layard, G.C.B., who died on July 5, was proved on July 27 by Dame Mary Enid Evelyn Layard, the widow, Lachlan Mackintosh Rait, and Edward Ponsonby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000. The testator bequeaths, free of duty, the portrait of his uncle, Benjamin Austen, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., to the Incorporated Law Society, of which his said uncle was at one time president; the remainder of his pictures, and all his presentation testimonials, including pieces of plate, caskets, medals, or other objects presented to him by the City of London or any other corporate or public body, Parliamentary constituency, or scientific, artistic, or other association, for the use and enjoyment of his wife, for life, then as to the pictures (except portraits), to the National Gallery, and as to the portraits and presentation testimonials, to his nephew, Captain Arthur Macgregor Layard, R.E., free of legacy duty, hoping that he will regard, use, and dispose of the same as though they were heirlooms; all his copyrights, official dispatches, private and other correspondence, to be at the disposal of his wife, with a discretion as to their publication: subject thereto all papers, dispatches to him, copies and drafts of dispatches from him, while in the Diplomatic Service, relating to public matters, are to be deposited in the British Museum, and all other papers and manuscripts to belong absolutely to his wife. He gives £20,000, all balances due from his

bankers on current account, his freehold house at Venice, his leasehold house, 1, Queen Anne Street, and all his plate, linen, china, glass, consumable stores, horses, carriages, books, prints, jewellery, curiosities, objects of art or vertu (except the articles specifically bequeathed), household furniture, and goods, to his wife; £500 to his goddaughter, Olwin Ponsonby; and £100 each to his godsons, Robert Gregory, John Murray, and Alexander Gordon Ross. The residue of his estate, property, and effects he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, or so long as she shall continue his widow, and in case she shall marry again, to pay her the income of one moiety; and subject thereto, for such one or more of his nephews and nieces, the children of his brothers, General Frederic Peter Layard and Edgar Leopold Layard, C.M.G., or their issue, and in such proportions as his wife, while sole and unmarried, shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1888) of Mr. Arthur Loughborough, of Bryn Derwen, Maresfield Gardens, and of Lincoln's Inn, who died on May 17, was proved on July 19 by Albert Edmund Loughborough, the brother, and Reginald Hughes, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator gives legacies to his niece, godchildren, children's nurse, executors, and clerks; and he states that his children are already amply provided for. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Loughborough.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated March 26, 1890) of Mr. Thomas Joseph Dunne, of 14, Hatch Street, Dublin, who died on March 21, granted to Mrs. Sarah Agnes Dunne, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on July 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths £400 to his wife, to be applied by her as he shall by letter direct; the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will of Mr. John Joseph Eyre, of Clifden Castle, in the Barony of Ballynahinch, county Galway, and of Clifden House, Earham Grove, Forest Gate, Essex, who died on April 15, was proved on July 27 by Anthony John Norris and Le Baron Henri d'Ivoile, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,405.

The will and codicil of Dame Harriet Anne Scott, of 18, Cornwall Gardens, Queen's Gate, Kensington, who died on April 8, were proved on July 30 by Sir Francis David Sibbald Scott, Bart, the son, and Miss Henrietta Caroline Sibbald Scott, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate, so far as can at present be ascertained, amounting to £6234.

The will of Mr. Thomas Teshmaker Busk, J.P., of Hermongers, Rudgwick, Sussex, who died on May 28 at Blankenberge, Belgium, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Mary Busk, the widow, William Gould Busk, the brother,

and Edward Henry Busk, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7544.

The will of Mr. Edgar Turner, formerly of Great Malvern, and late of 4, Park Villas, Weston-super-Mare, who died on June 29, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Fanny Turner, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4339.

The will and codicil of Dame Isabella Elizabeth Grant, widow of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., late of The Lodge, Melton Mowbray, who died on July 5, were proved on July 26 by Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Richard Charles Grant, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1859.

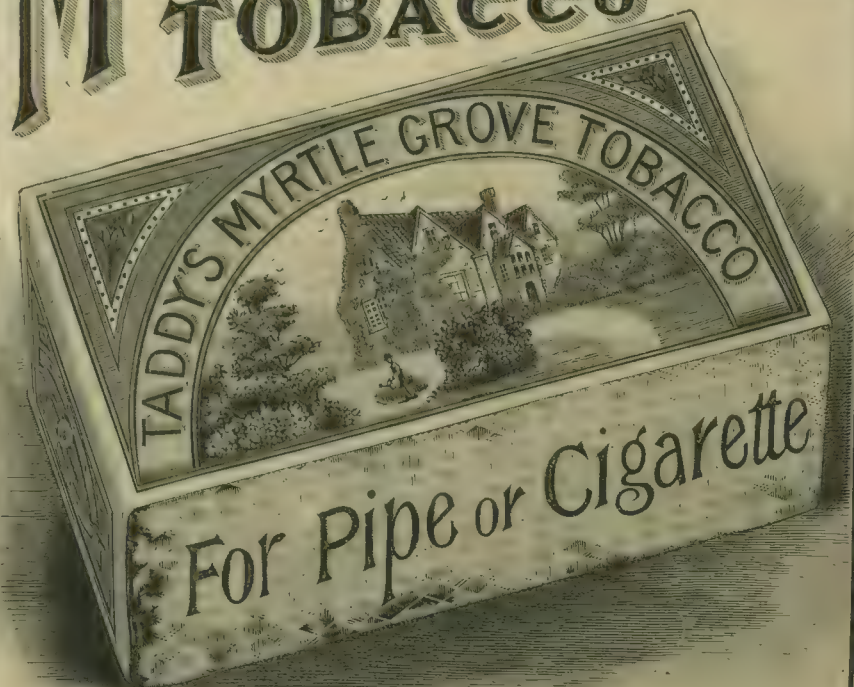
With regard to the opera "The Lady of Longford" we unwittingly did an injustice to Mr. Fred E. Weatherley, the well-known song-writer, in failing to couple his name as collaborateur with Sir Augustus Harris in this highly creditable piece of work.

The Isle of Man Electric Tramway Company has completed and opened its line from Douglas to Laxey, on the east coast, seven miles long, at a cost of £9000 a mile, including plant, rolling stock, and electric machinery. The engineer was Mr. F. Sanderson.

A lamentable boating disaster, by which ten lives were lost, has taken place on the estuary of the river Mawddach, near Barmouth, in North Wales. On Wednesday evening, Aug. 1, three rowing-boats, carrying twenty visitors, went up to Penmaenpool. In returning, two of the boats, one in charge of the owner, Mr. William Jones, the other managed by Mr. W. P. Paton, of Rugby, were capsized, the water being very rough with the high sea coming in, and the amateur rowers not very skilful. Six young ladies—two sisters from Durham, the others from Leeds, Bradford, and Harrow, and four young gentlemen, including Mr. Paton and Mr. Percival Grey, of Oxford, were drowned. They belonged to an excursion party arranged by the Home Reading Union. From Mr. Paton's boat only one person was saved.

It is the fashion to go to Norway in steamers crowded with English tourists, but unconventional people will be glad to learn of a little-known route by means of which not only Norway, but Denmark and Sweden, may be reached under comfortable circumstances. This is the Harwich-Esbjerg line to Copenhagen—the national as well as the natural route to Denmark. The sea journey is often done in twenty-five hours, and is made most enjoyable by the United Steam-ship Company. This route has the advantage of cheapness, board on the steamer costing only five shillings a day. The day express from Esbjerg to Copenhagen occupies less than nine hours, combining boat and rail. Circular tickets to cover Scandinavia are issued by Messrs. Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Liddon Memorial has not been a great success. It is stated that a deficit of £455 needs to be met. £1050 was spent on a monument, £1076 on a new chapel, and £125 on a picture, and the subscriptions amounted to £2033 15s. The members of the committee, it is suggested, should in some way raise the remainder; but the committee has had difficulty in raising the sum already in hand. The truth is that these memorials are very much overdone. When the family of a distinguished man is left in needy circumstances there is usually no difficulty in getting funds. But in other cases it is different.

Much disappointment is expressed at the result of the sale of the building and site of All Hallows, Thames Street, under an order from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The City of London Brewery Company secured the ground for £13,100. Buyers were scared, it is thought, by a threat that the legality of the sale would be tested. The effect on the new parish of All Hallows, St. Pancras, which was to receive the funds, will be serious, as, after all the claims are satisfied, the amount to be paid over will be small.

The Rev. Arthur Robins, the well-known rector of

Holy Trinity, Windsor, has celebrated the jubilee of his church. Mr. Robins has now completed twenty-one years in Windsor, having been inducted on the day that the late Bishop Wilberforce met with his awfully sudden death. It was on the recommendation of that great prelate that Mr. Robins came to Windsor.

A new reredos has been erected at Manchester Cathedral. It is of cedar, but both the architectural work and the sculpture are decorated in gold and colour. The reredos is the gift of Canon Allen, D.D., and his brothers, in memory of their father, Mr. John Allen, of Altrincham.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., has borne the cost of building the new church of St. Peter's, Staines. This amounts to over £8000, and Sir Edward also gives an endowment. He stated at the consecration that God had prospered him far more than his deserts, and that it was his duty as well as his privilege to build a new church.

The Keble College training for licensed lay readers, which has been held annually in July for fourteen years, is still very successful. The attendance increases every year and many return.

Preaching at Rochester Cathedral on the dedication of the new west front, the Bishop of Lincoln made some

touching personal allusions. He said "There in that great transept built nearly eight hundred years ago is the window placed there in memory of my dear father, who for thirty-two years lived his unworldly, unambitious, beloved, and honoured life as Archdeacon of Rochester." "There in the southern wall of this most ancient nave is the monument which the love of his brother officers erected to my dear brother, who offered his life for his country in the battles of Alma and Inkerman. Guiding stars of peculiar brightness that have ever been and must be to me."

Mr. Walter Loch asks for the source of the following quotations in the "Christian Year." They are marked in inverted commas. "Long sought and lately won." "Little drop of light." "Quiet mirth." "A space with all a daughter's heart." V.

The members of the South African team of cricketers, now on a visit to this country, are to be presented with two massive silver cups, the order for which was entrusted to J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill. One is presented by the editor of *South Africa*, for the member with the highest batting average at the end of the tour; and the other by W. P. Taylor, Esq., for the best bowling average, and both bear appropriate inscriptions.

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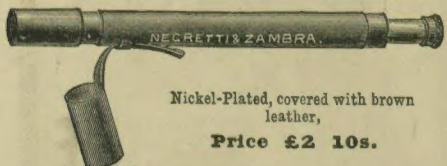
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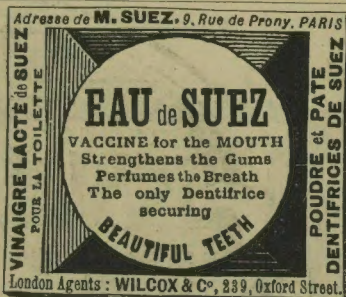


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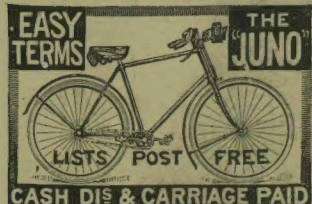
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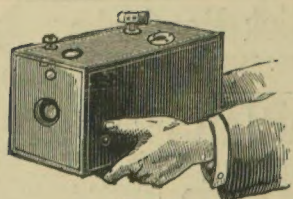
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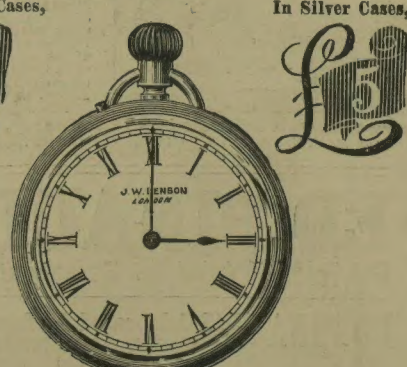
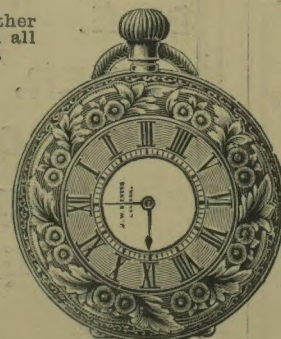
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